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Notes of the Week

THE person who says, "I told you so," is always voted an unmitigated nuisance, and we, no doubt, will share in the general condemnation, for we are going to use the phrase which is anathema. So long ago as December 7 of last year we wrote: "A league of thieves is entitled to respect so long as the thieves do not fall out and give themselves away." It is hardly necessary to point the moral: of course, we were referring to the fungous growths in Eastern Europe whom Mr. Gladstone glorified in forty-seven columns of the *Times* as "the Christian populations subject to the Porte." We foretold exactly what would happen if the Powers did not tell these peoples what they thought of them, and correct their swelled heads by a wholesome timely and painful application at the other end. These Balkan populations and the Greeks—shocking desecration to have to describe Levantine sweepings as Greeks!—believing, perhaps without foundation, that they have finished with the Turk, are now busily engaged in cutting each other's throats. The operation is quite a laudable one, because if it is sufficiently extensive in practice, Europe will be purged of a pestiferous crowd, whose petty ambitions

and jealousies will otherwise be a continual menace to the peace of the nations which matter. We trust that the sickening and revolting spectacle which is now being displayed on the Eastern cinematograph will sound the death-knell of Pecksniffian sentiment in politics.

The hooligan women who attacked the police outside the Pavilion Music-hall are a fitting corollary to the women who were insolent before the Bench at Kingston, and who used vile and grossly obscene language to the judge when they were sentenced at the Surrey Assizes a week ago. Miss Kenney, who held an auction at the Pavilion of Mr. McKenna's "lettres de cachet," is reported to have said, speaking with the ripe experience of a spinster:—

She was surprised that any man should set himself up as a judge, seeing that women formed the majority of the population. If men were in their proper place half of them would be in Wormwood Scrubbs and half in Pentonville Prison—that was her experience of men.

Miss Kenney's experiences of men, may perhaps be in the ratio of her attractiveness and deserts; however that may be her mental balance is not to be commended, and the question has still to be decided—how are these unsexed females to be dealt with. We have answered that question on two occasions alternatively, and our prescriptions hold the field. Lord Robert Cecil has suggested that these women should be deported, but until recently no locality in the world was disposed to receive them. We have, however, lately met a distinguished Canadian who has informed us that it is a mistake to suppose that these females are not wanted anywhere. He has made us a sporting offer. There is a sterile tract of country adjacent to the Hudson River, and he is prepared to welcome as many as we can spare of the mad militants—and we can spare them all—as pilgrims. The offer should be carefully weighed. In the meantime may we inquire whether the London County Council license the Pavilion Music-Hall as a place which may be let for money for the propagation of criminal projects. We were under the impression that the Council only licensed these places as places of "entertainment." Does the word entertainment include incitement to crime? If not, why does not the County Council prohibit these unauthorised "turns"? The only answer can be that the Council have intense sympathy with every phase of self-advertisement.

We note with sorrow that this week motor-omnibuses on one route are beginning to run all night. Is this the preliminary to the age of constant traffic—the era when neither dark nor light shall know any cessation of noise and bustle in this amazing capital of ours? Shall we, in a few years, be sleeping by "shifts," all doomed to a pathetic kind of semi-rest amid the rumble of motor-lorries, motor-buses, and the whirr of the aeroplane? We trust not; but the portents have begun.

Influence

A BELL-STROKE moves the dew
From leaf to ground,
Though far away out-flew
That breath of sound.
When drenchèd flowers o'erflow
Their chalices,
Deeper the nets must go
In far-off seas.

WILFRID THORLEY.

Peace Cannot Dwell with Love

SEEK not your peace in love, for love is pain,
Insatiate need, a groping foil'd and blind,
A lonely sorrow crying on the wind :
Grant me her lips, let me her breast attain—
Still yawns the gulf o'er which I cannot strain :
Over our kisses, darkening undefined,
Hangs the cold fate I may not bribe or bind,
Beat the dark wings that will not swoop in vain.

Ye that have never loved, go sleep, go sleep,
And ye who clasp the flesh and deem it soul ;
But we who wear love's dreadful aureole—
We guard a glimmering, undiscovered deep :
We trust no sun to rise nor star to roll—
We have an everlasting watch to keep.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Promises

NO one blames a lad of promise for turning out a fool, yet no condemnation is too harsh for him who breaks his word, no matter what the circumstances. With the general appreciation of him whose word is as good as his bond, and whose fulfilment needs no reminder of legal machinery, one can have no quarrel, but there are promises which ought never to have been exacted, and which it may be a moral obligation to break. In short, he who breaks such a one may be guilty of a lighter offence than he who imposed it, and when, sarcastically, we liken promises to piecrust, only to be broken, we forget that only by breaking piecrust can we get at the good things within.

When the cuckoo gives promise of spring, or the corncrake of summer, it does not mean to be taken too seriously, and those who register vows by a deathbed, sardonic though such a suggestion may look at first sight, may find themselves compelled to bow to circumstances beyond their control and to choose the lesser evil of going back on their word.

There should be special provision and dispensation in the case of deathbed promises. No dying person

would, in normal mood, have imposed that terrible pledge of silence which has been the cause of some of the most heartrending human tragedies. Such blind obedience to a dying man's whim, such false sense of obligation to withhold the truth, should have no meaning for laymen, however professionally correct it may be in a priest. Humanity will never hesitate to soothe the last moments of the dying, as one soothes a feverish or frightened child, but there the business should end, and since a live dog is worth all the lions that are dead, no deathbed promise should be kept at the cost of wrecking the happiness of them that come after, for the moribund exercise over pitiful natures a *force majeure* not less compelling than a pistol at the head. The moral perspective which respects such exactions is false, and the tyranny of a dying parent in forcing an unwelcome suitor on a dutiful daughter is as reprehensible as the inane "Swear that you will never love another woman" with which some callow youth in his first love affair is pledged by the immature object of his crude desires.

I hope I may not seem cynical if I think that the afternoon of life brings a truer appreciation of values, until we come to realise that the blame for breakage often lies with those who imposed these impossible vows. Only foolish people live on promises, and those who prefer the shadow to the substance illustrate the Portuguese view: "Prometter nao he dar, mas a nescios contentar!"

Arabs, as those who have dealings with them swiftly realise, do not take promises very seriously. The chivalrous Bedawin, who never break their word, are figments of the Western imagination and know themselves better; there is a saying of theirs which was conveyed to me on one occasion in a manner little flattering to my self-esteem. I had been entertained at luncheon by the Governor of Casablanca, and after a meal involving a good deal of ceremonial and also a good deal of over-eating, I had, at my host's request, photographed some pet gazelles of his in a compound. The sitting at an end, he requested me to open the "box of Shaitan" and forthwith give him the prints. That was fifteen years ago: to-day, I expect, he works a reflex himself. When I regretfully declined, assuring him, however, that the prints should be posted to him soon after my return home, he, with a twinkle in his black eyes, made answer: "Bismallah, Tager!" But we Moors have little trust in stars in winter, clouds in summer, or the promises made by a departing guest!" It was a little sudden, but it appealed to my sense of humour, and four or five months later I compelled him to modify his cynicism. And, reflecting at the time on the picturesqueness of an analogy that took into account the vagaries of his native climate, I bethought me how in England, at any rate, no one need doubt the clouds, since their promises, as Sophocles said of women, are writ in water.

F. G. A.

Actor as Author

"THOUGHTS and After-thoughts" proves plainly that Sir Herbert Tree has intellectual powers which would have taken him to the front in any profession. There is a pleasant humour in the book and many quaint epigrams, and behind the drollery a sane judgment of men and events which promises worldly success. But Sir Herbert Tree devotes a great part of his book to criticising Shakespeare, and as a critic he is not at his best. An example or two will enable the reader to judge. For some reason or other, all actors wish to regard "Hamlet" as thin, and when confronted with the descriptive line, "fat and scant of breath," they are apt to ignore its teaching as Irving and most of his predecessors did. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree yields to the common failing, but is more ingenious. Greatly daring, he alters the line and asserts that it should read "faint and scant of breath," "the 't' and 'n' were somehow dropped out," he says, contemptuous of the anti-climax which he thus introduces into the text.

He goes further even than this. He asserts that "there is nothing to indicate that Hamlet was a fat man." One might reply that the art of the dramatist forbids him to use two strokes where one is sufficient. Shakespeare's "fat and scant of breath" is not to be worsened whimsically; but, in this case Shakespeare has repeated the stroke. He makes Hamlet cry—

Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and dissolve itself into a dew.

Which even Sir Herbert Tree must admit is the confession of a fat man and not of a thin man. Sir Herbert Tree's wildest shot at truth is difficult to explain. He will have it that "there is no real observation of child-life in the great master's writings," and in the main this is true; but when confronted with the fact that Arthur in "King John" is an exception he gets over the difficulty in this way:—

"Prince Arthur, however, although by age but a boy, appears, by the passion and dignity with which he is presented, as a full-grown man, and appears to us by his sufferings and his sayings rather as an adult than an adolescent. His boyhood is taken from him by reason of the great political struggle of which he is the centre, and no one who listens to his words can possibly gather that it is a child who speaks."

Now the real Prince Arthur was a youth of eighteen, and was presented as a young man in the old play from which Shakespeare borrowed much of his "King John." But Shakespeare changed the young man Arthur into a child, and indeed almost a girl-child. Hubert calls him "little prince" and "young boy" and his speech is childish sweet—

ARTHUR : Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day :
In sooth I would you were a little sick,

* *Thoughts and After-thoughts.* By SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE. (Cassell and Co. 6s. net.)

That I might sit all night and watch with you :
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Surely Shakespeare has this once painted a child with all a child's consciousness of weakness, and all the pathos of childish fear. This exception in his work and the fact that the play was written in 1598, the year of the death of his own young son Hamnet in his twelfth year, almost make one believe that the portrait of Arthur derives its power from Shakespeare's personal love and grief.

It would be unfair to show Sir Herbert Tree's mistakes without emphasising the fact that now and again his trust in his "imaginative faculty" is splendidly justified. He is the first to bring together Falstaff's humorous speech on honour, and Hamlet's remarks on the same subject, and to show that they are both of the same mind. He puts the matter with fine humour when he tells us that he is often tempted to recite the Falstaff's speech in Hamlet's voice, or give Hamlet's remark Falstaff's round richness of utterance. We may here make the admission that we have heard Sir Herbert deliver "To be or not to be" as fat Falstaff would have spoken the lines, and, diverting as the incident was, we confess that we are glad that it is not the fashion to present the Prince of Denmark as a mountain of obesity.

It would not be fitting to close this review without adding a few appreciations of the papers which do not deal with Shakespearian themes. The "medley of considered indiscretions," entitled "Our Bettors," reveals Sir Herbert as an embryo Socialist. Wandering under pine-trees of a decidedly subversive tendency, if judged by their murmurs as reported by our author, he imbibed flattering but revolutionary ideas as thus:—"And the pine trees murmured 'Yes, our only Bettors are Ourselves,' " an axiom which we venture to think must contain a very consolatory creed for an actor-manager to nourish in his bosom. Sir Herbert annoys us considerably in one matter. You can never catch him tripping in a metaphor or a simile. In this connection we heard him use a figure in the course of an impromptu speech, which although it was absolutely correct, was vastly entertaining. We notice that it is not included in the volume before us, but we hope to meet it again in an unexpurgated edition. "Revenons à nos moutons," the author of the pearl of great price, "Jim, the Microbe," should be conscious of Jim's chiefest maxim that it is possible "to perish of perfection" because the conceit evidently fired our author's imagination: "To perish of perfection. I thought how wonderful an end! If that end could be vouchsafed to mankind—to die of a disease called Beauty!" May we appeal to you, please, Mr. Author, to make an occasional lapse because we are deeply interested in your survival.

Celui qui n'a jamais ses heures de folies est moins sage qu'il ne le pense.

The volume before us is a delight, and we sincerely hope it will be followed by others from the same pen.

REVIEWS

The Grand Young Man

The Youth of Goethe. By P. HUME BROWN, LL.D., F.B.A. (John Murray. 8s. net.)

GOETHE is not one of those names that contain a reproach for humanity. The greatest genius of modern Europe never had to squander the hours of happiness and inspiration in the antechambers of Fame; when he wooed the haughty goddess, she came to his arms as readily as any of the mortal maidens with whom he plighted easy vows. Before he was twenty-six years old "he found it necessary to travel incognito to avoid being pointed at as 'the author of Werther.'" Before the same age his acquaintance had been sought by glorious veterans of German thought, and his presence desired by a reigning Prince. It is true that he had manifested himself in no uncertain manner—"had Goethe died at the age of twenty-six he would have left behind him a legacy which would have assured him a place with the great creative minds of all time"—but others who did not spare their youth and genius have only found their late reward in one of the "sepulchres of the prophets."

The "advocatus diaboli" in the case of Goethe has a very difficult brief. The worst he can say, and, as far as we know, he has only very recently begun to say it, is that, in the sphere of politics, Goethe was not an infallible prophet, and that he never grasped the importance or the immediate feasibility of a united Germany. We will not stop to discuss this proposition; we will merely submit that the politics of the Revolutionary period were so complicated and enigmatical that they required genius of a special, limited kind, to solve them in any degree. Goethe raised an intellectual banner for the Germans to fight under, and gave Europe a new hope and a new conscience. Napoleon built a city of ruins and crowned it with a few lofty but isolated palaces.

Mr. Hume Brown complains of the excess of material at his disposal. "Of no other genius of the same order," he says, "have we a record comparable in fullness of detail for the same period of life." This is all to the good. The maleficent operations of conjecture are restricted to a very narrow sphere, and the critic has only to decide on the perspicacity, credibility, and good faith of the witnesses themselves. In this task Mr. Hume Brown displays great skill and judgment. The apparent contradictions in Goethe's life and conduct are shown to be really illustrations of his essential consistency. He responded to all his passing moods as readily as Mr. Micawber, and he was no less ready to throw aside a passion or an activity than he was to engage in it. He was that strange mixture of faith and scepticism that really constitutes genius. "In no branch of knowledge was he ever a complete master"; yet there were few intellectual studies that he had left untried.

Habe nun, ach! Philosophie,
Juristerei und Medizin

Und leider! auch Theologie
Durchaus studiert, mit heissem Bemühn!

If we leave out the word "durchaus," particularly in its relation to "Juristerei," which was Goethe's own profession, the poet tells his own story through the mouth of his own creature. He learnt, like Stevenson, to engrave pictures, and in his acquaintance with other manual arts excelled even Victor Hugo. For long he wavered between the rival vocations of painting and poetry. Mr. Hume Brown pauses to wonder at this error of judgment, yet the case, though bewildering, is not without parallel.

The credibility of the witness in his own case is the chief stumbling-block to a sound appreciation of the youthful Goethe. The poet's self-analysis is marked alternately by extreme candour and by a baffling artificiality. The two main interests of his early years, unless we lump all his interests together and call them the problem of living, were love and ambition. Of these the latter never seems to have really taxed his nerves; the former on the other hand made a great and continuous demand on his being. Love was the deciding influence at all the turning-points of his career. Mere friendship was not unfruitful. It makes our blood run rather cold to read how Goethe sometimes cloaked an antipathy with its name, in order to secure the rewards of a "formative influence"—how "he had learned to attach a high value to everything that contributed to his own culture." But love, which, in its waning stages, he thought might be beneficially transmuted into friendship, was the true "formative influence." When he "made a holocaust of his boyish poems," he made another of his youthful love-letters; and the two operations were concurrently repeated, metaphorically, indeed, as regards the latter, at many stages of his career. Each love affair, as each literary period, marked an advance of some kind on its predecessor. "Werther" reveals the pangs of maturity in more ways than one. A "saving breach with the past" frequently untied the bonds of heart and intellect at once.

"It is a very pleasant sensation when a new passion begins to stir in us before the old one is quite extinct." In this confession we have all Goethe's candour and all his artificiality. He fell in love like a lover, he loved like a perplexed connoisseur, and he had an uncanny promptitude in arriving at the moment for asking,

Don't we both know how it ends?

Mr. Hume Brown pleads that allowance should be made for the ethics of the period. "Goethe's heart," he quotes Jung Stilling in another context, "which few knew, was as great as his intellect, which all knew."

Goethe's "irresponsible addresses" were the fault of Rousseau and "the ideas then current in Germany regarding the relations between love and marriage." "Rousseau had opened the flood-gates of the emotions," Stern had trifled with the bases of morality, and hyperbole had vitiated the ratio between little passions and great. Men knew they were being artificial, they

did not know how to escape, and in the meantime they extracted what amusement they could out of their false conventions.

This is a good book. Mr. Hume Brown never sinks the genius in the biographical subject. In his hands it is safe from

The dull catalogue of common things.

Genius had only begun to know itself. He who in 1775 was already the author of "Götz von Berlichingen," "Werther," and the "Urfaust," could say in 1768: "I am cured of the folly of thinking myself a poet." Yet he could already make his confession, "Nothing gave me any pleasure except what came to me of itself." The story of Goethe is the story of genius treading the solid ground of reality, and keeping its back on the door, too easy to unlock, that leads into the secret chambers of falsehood or madness. The "god-like insolence of youth," if not equally admirable in all its manifestations, kept his gaze forwards, and he was able, before it was too late, "to purify his soul without unnerving it."

Teaching Without Tears

The Play of To-Day: Studies in Play-Structure for the Student and the Theatre-Goer. By ELIZABETH R. HUNT. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

"THERE are play-goers and play-goers," says the kind but condescending author of this platitudinous and well-padded book. No doubt the play-goers Mrs. Elizabeth R. Hunt knows will like her gentle method, her uninspired deductions. Those we have the misfortune to be familiar with will consider her long-drawn essays and her obvious lectures suitable for the young American girl, but of no freshness or value here.

"This timely work is endorsed by the Drama League of America, and is commended to its members as one of the most valuable among recent publications on the subject and of especial interest to all students of the Drama.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
Drama League of America."

Thus is worded the fatuous legend which is boldly writ across the forefront of Mrs. Hunt's book. We regret to say it carries no weight with us; we are not members of a league, and we do not like the use of the word "endorsed" in such a connection. We know Mr. Arnold Bennett has ventured to prophesy of a more glorious hereafter for the American drama because he saw "Bought and Paid For"—by an Englishman, is it not?—played in those States and liked, as we did, Mr. Craven's rendering of an incompetent clerk. But we cannot believe that this victorious future will be attained by means of Mrs. Hunt's dull educational work, nor do we foresee that American drama need be very grandiose because it is said to be going to be better than that which has gone before. Truly an advance would be welcome, but it would not exactly constitute a new heaven and a new earth if one may

judge by the last twenty years of American work in this direction.

Mrs. Hunt tells us that "the so-called Drama Leagues" of her country have grown in a few years to vast proportions. We are glad to receive this statement, as it is almost the only piece of news which the author gives us. As for the rest, it must require a great and simple heart to lay before a not too enthusiastic world her "Drama Studies," her exposition of the exciting force, her views on the rise and growth of action, the climax, and so forth, and it must also need a somewhat cynic publisher to offer such a magazine of second-hand thoughts to the poor British public.

But some things are admirable in Mrs. Hunt's book. There is the simplicity as displayed, for example, in her long explanation of Mr. Henry James's phrase, "The successful application of any art is a delightful spectacle"; there is her whole-hearted earnestness, as when she explains, at length, the structure of the outworn "Lady Windermere's Fan," or the rose-bud freshness of her two long chapters dealing with "A Doll's House"—an already fairly well-known play, one might have thought.

Perhaps one deals too seriously with Mrs. Hunt's seriousness. Some of her *dicta* are really delightful reading. We wonder if she would have written, "Farce always causes thoughtless laughter, stimulating no speculation while the action is going on, nor after it comes to an end," if she had sat through some dozen London productions of the class she names during the late season. Lucky country where such plays are sure of giving amusement; fortunate race of play-goers who may sit at Mrs. Hunt's feet and be told how to enjoy a dramatic performance, how to define a comedy, how to recognise the subtler dramatic qualities, and all this, and much more, without labour, without tears! If you are bright and fresh, and want to know the things about the drama which are "endorsed," Mrs. Hunt can teach you. She will take your little hand in hers and lead you, gently but informingly, towards the pleasant glades, the fruitful planes, the ever-popular orchards of the obvious.

Wafer Bread

The Bread of the Eucharist. By REGINALD MAXWELL WOOLLEY, B.D. Illustrated. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

A STUDY of this exhaustive and learned treatise on the Bread of the Eucharist should go far to remove difficulty and prejudice as to any usage or custom. It is a curious and instructive inquiry, showing how even enlightened minds may enter upon greater controversy over practical detail than about more important doctrinal matters.

The question which first agitated the Church was whether leavened or unleavened bread was used at the Institution of the Sacrament. But, according to Mr. Woolley, this controversy did not arise till the ninth

century. The point can never be satisfactorily settled, owing to uncertainty as to the exact date of the Last Supper, although there is much to be said on both sides. By the end of the ninth century the use of unleavened bread had become more or less general throughout the West, while the Eastern Church held to the ancient and customary use of leavened bread. The divergence led to a bitter controversy, and became one of the pretexts for the great schism of the eleventh century. "In England," Mr. Woolley says, "unleavened bread came into use doubtless at the same time as in the rest of the West. We may take it for granted that, if Alcuin (A.D. 735-804) used unleavened, the same use was already known and practised in England."

At the Reformation a compromise was adopted, which obtains to the present day. By this compromise, wafer bread was retained as the normal use, but the best ordinary wheaten bread was permitted to suffice. All investigations and the injunctions of Queen Elizabeth prove beyond a shadow of doubt that this is the clear meaning and intention of the present Rubric in the Book of Common Prayer, viz.: "And to take away all occasion of dissension and superstition . . . it shall suffice that the Bread be such as is usual to be eaten. . . ." The use of wafer bread—except by the Genevan party—was prevalent in the year 1570, and Archbishop Parker wrote that "the most part of the Queen's subjects disliketh the common bread for the Sacrament." But the Puritan and anti-Church supremacy of the Great Rebellion period brought the use to an end until it was revived in the nineteenth century.

The value of this revival may be appreciated from an examination of the causes which led to the original adoption of the use of wafer bread in the West. They are clearly given by Mr. Woolley. The chief reasons appear to have been for greater reverence and for greater convenience. There had long been a strong feeling against the clergy cutting off for use in the Sacrament a piece of common bread from an ordinary household loaf. So far back as the year 787, the English *Council of Chelsea* forbids the bread to be taken "from the stale odds and ends of the priests' larder." The *Council of Toledo* (693) dealt with the irreverence and casual conduct of the clergy. In the controversy between the East and West, Cardinal Humbert wrote an account of the irreverence of the Greek clergy, which Mr. Woolley says may be overdrawn, but, he significantly adds, "from our knowledge of the general carelessness of the clergy of all times, we may probably hold that it is, on the whole, not far from the truth." A further irreverence to be avoided was the scattering of crumbs from ordinary bread. "Again, about this time the process of the hedging of the sanctity of the Sacrament had begun." The use of a special bread produced a greater idea of reverence in the minds of the people. But the question of convenience was a material factor. Unleavened bread will keep for a very considerable length of time. Hence a good supply can always be ready in the vestry. This is especially important when there are, as now, frequent, often daily, celebrations of the Eucharist in

parish churches. The irreverent fuss of hurriedly cutting a slice from a crumbling loaf at the breakfast-table is avoided. The parish priest goes quietly to his church, finds everything ready to hand, without any nervous anxiety about details. It is well to remember that no doctrinal controversy attaches to the use of leavened or of unleavened bread, so that in this direction there is no ground for prejudice or objection. In the Church of England, plain wafer bread is regarded as the legal and normal use, while the use of the best ordinary bread is also legally tolerated as sufficing. In making these remarks we should add that Mr. Woolley presents no case for the use of one sort of bread more than another. His work is simply a scholarly inquiry into various usages at different periods. In the last chapter a full account is given of the use of all the Eastern communities, including the Coptic, Abyssinian, Syrian, and Armenian Churches. The book is enriched with a number of excellent illustrations of modern Eucharistic breads, loaves, and wafers. With the exception of the Church of England, the use of a specially prepared bread, stamped with symbols or patterns, is universal.

Babson's Plots!

The Future of the Working Classes. By ROGER W. BABSON. (Effingham Wilson. 1s. net.)

THIS little book is dedicated to "Him who shall first introduce Economic Education to England." The author, who is an American, sets out to cure the faults in the English educational system, and starts with something more than a hint that the children of wage-earners are purposely not given studies which will increase their earning capacity: "It cannot be definitely stated, but certainly it looks rather suspicious."

There is a parable running through the book of two tanks. The large tank is the capital tank, connected by a small pipe—channels of trade—at the bottom with a smaller tank, which is the labour tank. However much water you pour into the big tank, the proportion in the small tank always remains the same. Strikes for higher wages or shorter hours make no difference. It is like pouring water into the small tank; it increases the amount for a moment, but the money soon flows back to the employer through higher rent and advanced prices.

The only way for the wage-earner to get level with the capitalist is to increase the size of his tank, and the only way to do this is to increase his efficiency, the two dimensions of which are character and judgment. The third proportion of the tank is height, and this is represented by health. This shows the scheme of the book, and we are gravely informed that so long as capital controls the "School Book Trust" and the "Teachers' Employment Agency" the working classes can be kept suppressed.

In the second section the following conundrums are set up: "Why does Germany lead?" and "How can

England and France develop greater power than Germany?" Personally we do not admit that "Germany leads." Her recent failure to obtain a Government loan of moderate dimensions shows that her financial position is not what a great many people thought, and that, whilst she has been striving to catch us up in Dreadnoughts, it has been done on borrowed money, whilst we have done it out of revenue. However, the American who is so anxious to teach us what to do has a remedy. The working classes must study the R.P. lines of Babson's Plots, based on Sir Isaac Newton's law of Action and Reaction! R.P. stands for Relative Prosperity—power or growth—and Mr. Babson's Institute prepares and publishes Babson's Plots each week, "for the use of such bankers, merchants, and investors who subscribe to a certain service, samples of which will be sent gratis to any reader if he will state whether he is interested as a student, merchant, or investor."

They are supplemented by coloured maps showing the condition of crops, credits, and trade opportunities in special sections and cities of the leading countries. So now there will be no excuse for England lagging behind any longer. Let the working classes buy and study the R.P. lines of Babson's Plots.

We cannot help it, and it may be irreverent, but we are forcibly reminded of the following from F. Anstey's "Voces Populi":—

Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park.—At no great distance from the Demonstration an elderly faddist is expounding a new Philosophy which is to regenerate Society to a few irreverent boys and an unconcerned mongrel.

"The force that governs this world, my friends, is one which, for want of a more appropriate term, I shall venture with your permission to call Detriment. Two dots make a line—do they not? With the second dot we know the direction—but not the value. With the third dot—"

First Rude Boy : Ga-rn—yer dotty yerself !

"Before Art, as before Law, all Men are equal"

Gerhart Hauptmann: His Life and Works, 1862-1912.
By KARL HOLL, Ph.D. With Portrait. (Gay and Hancock. 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS title is the dictum that Hauptmann puts into the mouth of Spitta, a character said to be remarkably like that of the author of "Vor Sonnenaufgang," in which he appears. It is in this simple fashion that the writer should be judged. Dr. Holl, who uses this method, will greatly help us in England to come to some final view of the writer. At present, most students of the theatre, unless they have lived in Germany, are a little bewildered by Hauptmann's various manners and the inspirations he has undoubtedly accepted from many other writers.

Of course, he is a novelist as well as a playwright, a sociologist above all; but still no dramatist should

be judged except by his acted plays. As far as we know, only three or four dramas have been produced here. "The Coming of Peace," "Lonely Lives," and "The Weavers" are known to all of us, but such few examples leave us in doubt of the qualities which mark out Dr. Gerhart Hauptmann as a great dramatist. Born in and devoted to the Silesian mountains, he seems to us the profound arch-type of German provincialism, the antithesis of the delightful man of the world, who is also a poet, Herr Arthur Schnitzler, with whom we were dealing the other day. If we do not consider it quite fair to contrast two famous living writers, we must own that the juxtaposition of the Austrian and German playwrights is no small aid to the critic and the student. Hauptmann is, no doubt, devoted to humanity, and loves the lowliest when he sees it, but his statement of the cases he desires to place before the world is, it seems to us, rather heavily set forth. He is wise and earnest to the last degree, and a poet of profound moods. The comic element, too, is well within his grasp—most fully recognised in "Der Biberpelz" ("The Beaver Coat")—but we must own that the liveliness does not seem so thrilling to us as it appears to be in Dr. Holl's eyes. His humour is no gayer than that of his master in domestic drama, Henrik Ibsen; his wit is often of the same character as that of the self-contradictory Nietzsche. But over all one feels the gifts of his great intellect, wherein power and beauty and the comic spirit meet. There is pure beauty and sentiment in "Das Friedensfest," as well as the powerful atmosphere of tragedy. But it is only occasionally that Hauptmann allows us relief, as in the simple lines—

Wenn im Hag der Lindenbaum
Wieder blüht,
Huscht der alte Frühlingstraum
Durch mein treu Gemüt !

which we might roughly transpose into—

Ah, when the linden tree
Blossoms again
Echoes of youth shall free
Living from pain,

lines of which every reader will doubtless be inclined to make a more just and far more beautiful translation for himself. Such flashes from the playwright's vast store of knowledge and feeling greatly help to impress the reader of his works and those who form the audience of his plays with the infinite variety of mental qualities which go to make up the powerful equipment of Gerhart Hauptmann.

In this small volume by Professor Holl will be found the stored knowledge of an acute intellect which has pursued the subject of the monograph with avidity. In a few chapters he shows us the tendencies of Hauptmann's work, the story of his personal life, the influences of the world and of other minds on that of the playwright, and also he gives an uncommonly clear idea of all Hauptmann's social, family, and fairy

dramas. To have been able to show so much in such small a space is to have done a great service to the English reader as well as to the famous German writer whose work has only to be known to be admired.

Theology

God and the Universe. By G. W. DE TUNZELMAN, B.Sc. (S.P.C.K. 4s. net.)

The Twelve Prophets. By BERNARD DUHM, D.D. (A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Interior Life. By the Very Rev. JOSEPH TISSOT. (R. and T. Washbourne. 5s. net.)

The Revelation of the Lamb. By the Rev. J. O. F. MURRAY, D.D. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

The Meaning of Christianity. By FREDERICK SPENCER, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. DE TUNZELMAN, who was one time Professor of Physics and Astronomy at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, has written a most useful treatise on the physical cosmogony, a sort of reply to Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe," which he describes as a "popular work full of fallacies," but largely responsible "for the present atheistic propaganda." Haeckel, in his intense animosity to Theism, made an unscientific attack upon the foundations of physical science and dynamics. The author's aim is to show that Atheism and Agnosticism are incompatible with an acceptance of the established conclusions of science, which point to God as the Ultimate Reality, while Christianity is the crown and completion of rational Theism. As the work of an expert this book is full of valuable scientific illustrations, and is a well-reasoned contribution to Theistic philosophy.

"The Twelve Prophets" is a good translation and new version of the various poetical measures of the original writings, with an excellent introduction on Prophets, Prophecies generally, and on the Forms of the Oracles. A very useful feature is the adoption in the text of distinctive type for the additions made by editors, the passages considered to be the Prophets' own original utterances being in black letter.

"The Interior Life" is a book of meditation designed to raise the tone and level of spiritual religion, to give more substance and depth in place of the superficiality and sentimentalism which so often perverts piety. The author was a devout and earnest thinker.

"The Revelation of the Lamb" is a course of addresses given to clergy in retreat at Cuddesdon by the Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge. It is a practical study of the adaptation of Christianity to modern needs.

We had almost ceased to be startled by remarkable modernist presentations of theology from the pens of clergymen. But Mr. Spencer's drastic treatment of orthodoxy is certainly a new shock. His theology, if we may apply the term to his metaphysical and mystic symbolism, is ancient as well as modern, for he borrows

freely from Origen. In his "revolutionary teleology and eschatology" he is an optimist and a universalist, that is to say, so far as this world is concerned, adding some sort of reincarnation, which seems to be his idea of the Resurrection, for in his philosophy, the material and spiritual seem much confused. His ideals are lofty, but his speculations are imaginative and vague. We are of those who prefer historic Christianity to hypothetical religion, as defined by Mr. Spencer in his opening sentence, which is as full of assurance as his presumptive title, the "Meaning of Christianity," viz.: "Religion is activity of souls in which it is supposed that there is intercourse with supernatural power."

A Valuable Discovery

Sacred Latin Texts. No. I: The Epistles and Apocalypse from the Codex Harleianus. Edited by E. S. BUCHANAN. (David Nutt. 21s. net.)

AMONG the great enterprises of the scholarship of our time none can compare in importance with the attempt that is being made to recover the original text of the Bible and of the two great versions into Latin known as the Old-Latin and the Vulgate. The story of the most ancient MSS. of the New Testament has been told by Mr. Buchanan in his "The Records Unrolled" (1911), and need not be here recapitulated, but the publication of this MS., one of the greatest importance in the study of the Old-Latin version, and the oldest text yet known of some part of the Epistles of St. Paul, is an opportunity to recall the part played in their preservation by our Northumbrian monasteries of Monk-Wearmouth and Jarrow.

The story of the *Codex Amiatinus*, the finest manuscript of the Vulgate, should be familiar to readers of THE ACADEMY, since it was to them that the final proof of its identity was given by Dr. Hort; suffice it to say that it is now certainly known to be one of three copies of the Bible written at Wearmouth for Abbot Ceolfrid, and taken by him for a present to Rome at the end of his life (716). Some leaves of a second copy have been found since then, but a quite unexpected result of the identification has been to prove that the manuscript here published was also written at Wearmouth for the private use of a deacon there called Eushac, by the fact that it has been corrected to give the readings of the *Amiatine Codex*. The manuscript dates from the end of the seventh century, and has been altered by erasing the peculiar readings of the Old-Latin version writing in the Vulgate version, and it has taken two years of constant labour to decipher the erasures and copy them out in their place. Biblical students have now, thanks to Mr. Buchanan, a document of the highest value in the criticism of the text of the New Testament placed at their disposal. The subsequent history of the manuscript is fairly well known. After the destruction of the monastery by the Danes towards the end of the eighth century, it was taken to France, and in the twelfth century was

probably the property of a monk of Clairvaux. In the seventeenth century it formed part of the Royal Library of France, and was stolen in 1707 by a renegade priest, who sold it to a bookseller in The Hague. From him it passed to Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, and is now in the British Museum. The text is illustrated by four collotype facsimiles, one of which, it seems likely, preserves to us the memory of a wall-painting in the monastery. The book is well and clearly printed. Mr. Buchanan's introduction is of great value; he has limited himself in it to a strict statement of observed facts, his object being to put the scholar in possession of the grounds for forming a judgment, not to influence it. In this intention he has completely succeeded.

Stories and Plays

Plays. By AUGUST STRINDBERG. Vol. II. *Comrades. Facing Death. Pariah. Easter.* Translated by EDITH and WARNER OLAND. (Frank Palmer. 3s. 6d. net.)

Easter: A Play in Three Acts. And Stories. By AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by VELMA SWANSTON HOWARD. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

THE four plays of Strindberg translated by Edith and Warner Oland, were written between the years 1888 and 1901. In their endeavour to represent the author in as pleasing a guise as possible, the translators in their foreword have unnecessarily gone out of their way to dress him in a garb which does not seem entirely his own. They declare that Strindberg's keen "observation and analysis of woman was not induced . . . by unhappiness in his own married experience." Probably domestic tragedies were not responsible for all he wrote, but when it is remembered that "Comrades" was published in the same year as "The Confession" was written, and that Björnsterne Björnson wrote of the playwright that "a cause is for him only persons, bring them out, whip them," it is difficult entirely to disassociate anyone intimately connected with Strindberg from the characters he drew with his pen.

"Comrades" is a bitter satire of the feminist movement. Bertha, the wife of an artist, unsexed, mannish, preying upon her husband's talents, is the style of woman Strindberg hated—one he would exterminate at all and any costs. "Facing Death," and "Pariah" are one-act plays. The former deals with a ruined family; the father sets fire to the house and takes poison in order that his daughters may have the insurance money. "Pariah" is a dialogue in which two men face each other and force from one another the confession that one is a murderer and the other a forger. The play between them is very fine; the cunning, the eagerness to seize every slip of the other, mark the dramatist who is master of his art. "Easter" reveals the mysticism of which Strindberg was capable, and helps to put on record the extraordinary versatility of his mind. The

translation of this play in the first book under review is much freer than that of Miss Howard. Not knowing Swedish it is difficult to say which is the better translation, but we would call Miss Edith or Mr. Warner Oland's attention to the fact that "over with" is not the best way to express the finish of anything.

The six stories are much lighter in touch than the plays. "Jubal Sans Ego" is the only one which comes near the psychological studies so dear to the Swedish writer. "The Big Gravel Screen" is a merry little sketch of a piano accidentally dropped overboard instead of being landed from a steamboat. There is a great consternation among the fish as it drops in their midst, and they all in their different methods take a turn to produce a tune. The effect on the people who stroll at various times to the edge of the dock is very funny, and shows that Strindberg with all his other gifts also possessed a sense of humour.

Shorter Reviews

Guilbert de Pixérécourt: Sa Vie, son Mélodrame, sa Technique et son Influence. By WILLIE G. HARTOG. (Honoré Champion, Paris.)

THE origin of the melodrama is a subject that cannot be without interest for the historian of popular art and literature. The formula of this dramatic genre, which still flourishes, as each autumn comes round, behind the porticos of Drury Lane, and steeps the old Adelphi in its pungent memories, appears to belong indisputably to the disinherited Lorrainer, Pixérécourt. Two of the essential characters—Providence and the Comic Man—are particularly his. Dr. Hartog has given us a very complete study of a very interesting personality and of a very interesting æsthetic problem. He defends the melodrama and its inventor from the sneers of too enlightened critics. The melodrama is not addressed to the cultured classes; its essential convention, as M. Faguet says, is "la naïveté du spectateur." It is a great deal more human than its newest rival, the picture palace. Moreover, it was born at a time when it was a pressing and a crying need. Dr. Hartog does not seem to us to insist enough on the circumstances of Pixérécourt's *débuts*, though he evidently appreciates them. The Committee of Public Safety and the Revolutionary Tribunals had satiated the Parisian mind with horrors; Barère (Pixérécourt's first protector) and Napoleon had melodramatised public life; genuine stage villains had trodden the political boards before the eyes of all. It was not the time for the delicate manifestations of the highest art. Pixérécourt, who took very seriously his mission as a moralist, prepared his plays with the utmost elaboration, and in the matter of stage-craft is to be reckoned with the masters of all time. As a tyrannical manager, he is an ancestor of the late Sir William Gilbert.

Dr. Hartog traces the history of the word melo-

drama; he finds it first in an essay of Rousseau, in which the latter's "Pygmalion" is given as an instance of the new genre; music and text employed *successively* and not concurrently were the features of the innovation. The word was then used to cover all drama which contained music, including opera. Finally it was "tout drame populaire qui cherchera à émouvoir par la violence des situations et l'exagération des sentiments." It may be mentioned that in the early days the composer was as important as the author, and that his name figured equally at the head of the programme.

The Eurhythms of Jaques-Dalcroze. With an Introduction by Professor M. E. SADLER. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 1s. net.)

"EURHYTHMICS" is a word coined to represent the German "Rhythmische Gymnastik." It is claimed for this system, whatever it may be, that it is "not a mere refinement of dancing, nor an improved method of music-teaching, but a principle that must have effect upon every part of life." The same may be said of most systems of physical culture, but it is high time that a protest were raised against the increasing tendency of the present generation to mysticism, even in such elemental matters as the cult of the body, as exemplified in the system of Dalcroze. That system, so far as one can gather, consists mainly of gesturing to music. But the present treatise is almost wholly an advertisement to tempt people with mystical imaginations to place themselves in the hands of the "Professor," who presumably does not dispense his services for nothing. His pupils seem to be women and children. If the Professor would entice to his "college" at Hellerau some of the middle-aged gentlemen of Germany, and there "eurhythmise" away some of their excess of adipose tissue, he would be conferring an unmistakable boon upon that artistic but obese nation.

National Service and National Education. By ERIC GEORGE. With an Introduction by LORD HENRY CAVENDISH BENTINCK, M.P. (P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.)

THIS little pamphlet is written with two objects: (1) To decry Lord Roberts' scheme of National Service; and (2) to substitute for it a scheme of higher trade education, with, incidentally, the same object as the veteran Field-Marshal has in view.

Ever since the trade unions deliberately set to work to kill the old-fashioned apprenticeship system, the untrained youth has increased. Machinery and modern conditions have made it more easy for a boy to leave school and at once get a moderately good wage at fourteen, but—and it is a very fatal *but*—in a blind alley occupation, such as a latherer at a barber's, an office boy, a telegraph boy, and scores of other occupations.

The idea of the pamphlet is to imitate the reformatory schools, and at the age of sixteen put a boy into a Government institution run on similar lines, teach him a

trade, and drill him into a soldier in the intervals of work—primary education in arms. The whole plan of the book is not to interfere with the young man from eighteen to twenty-one, but to catch him much younger.

Lord Henry Cavendish Bentinck in his preface does not believe in the danger of invasion either by a raid or a larger force. He points out that the objects of the Consultative Committee of Continuation Schools are to give our young people a technical, physical, and general training which shall give adaptiveness and dexterity in handicraft, develop their bodily powers, broaden their mental outlook, enlarge their sympathies, and train their capacity for co-operation in civic warfare.

The author claims that his scheme is less likely to interfere with the commercial prosperity of the kingdom, as it combines all military training and educational and social reform, which is equally a matter of urgency if we are to maintain our position of pre-eminence in the fields of commerce and arms.

The essay is a thoughtful one, well worthy of consideration. Of course it will cost a lot of money, as the idea is that parents should be compensated while their sons are not earning salaries in blind alley occupations. The author alleges that if half the energy and money spent in inveigling recruits for all branches of the Service were spent in remedying the reasons for the unpopularity of service, we should never be short of men. This is a large assumption and requires a fuller examination than we have space for here, but we recommend the pamphlet to all social reformers.

Cubism. By ALBERT GLEIZES and JEAN METZLANGER. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

AFTER allowing for difficulties of translation, we must admit that this little book puzzles us. We have not yet "attained those regions in which the profounder realism is insensibly transformed into a luminous spiritualism"; nor have we "overcome the universal dynamism"; we have not found that "the study of primordial volume will open unknown horizons" to us; and these things, with many more equally abstruse, are presumably necessary before the critic ventures to criticise the Cubist. When we come to the series of reproductions of notable pictures, our puzzlement becomes despair. The "Landscape" and "Trees" represent nothing on this earth that we ever saw; and if the Cubist retorts, in historic phrase, "Don't you wish you could?" we promptly reply "No!" For if we perceived a landscape or trees in the slightest degree resembling these, we should proceed to the nearest police-station and give ourselves up at once.

It is easy, of course, to poke fun at enthusiasts, and we hasten to admit—indeed, have already admitted—our ignorance and disabilities. We admit, too, that the artists in question may believe that the "Port of Naples" is conveyed by a lot of shapeless smudges, and that a "Nude" is best suggested by the appearance of a child's box of bricks upset in a pool of ink. If they are happy in that belief, it is not for us to complain.

God or Chaos. By the Rev. ROBERT KANE. (R. and T. Washbourne. 5s. net.)

THIS work is a well-arranged treatise, partly philosophical and partly theological, on the essence of reality and of being, and on the existence of God. It is at once dialectic, dogmatic, and didactic. Father Kane is a student, a thinker and a teacher. Scattered through his book are many shrewd observations on modern rebellion against religion and morality. While admitting the cleverness and sincerity of some called Atheists and Agnostics, he would give no quarter to the avowed enemies of religion. "Formerly, honest men might call a spade a spade, blasphemy a crime, and immorality sin. Now we are expected to be civil to brutes that preach 'Free-Love,' and to beg pardon of Atheists for daring to disagree with them. . . . Now a multitude of fools are scarcely students before they are scribblers, and the greater their ignorance the more gross is the insolence of their denial." These passages give some idea of the writer's forcible style, and his clever reasoned work, with its good practical illustrations from life and things, may well be recommended to our serious students in colleges and elsewhere.

Canada To-Day, 1913. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co., Ltd. 2s. net.)

THIS annual reference-book on the Dominion of Canada is an amazing production at the price of two shillings, for it gives in a pleasant literary form, with many hundreds of beautifully reproduced photographs, all the information concerning the country which the most exacting student or inquirer could need. Statistics are inevitable, but when they occur they are in such a form as to be interesting, and not "dry." Chapters on fishing, hunting, shooting, sport and its seasons, fruit-growing, farming, forestering, the minerals, emigration—in fact, on all imaginable subjects that might be of value to intending visitors or settlers—follow on from the first few pages to the very end of the volume; and as many of the provinces are treated in detail, the result is a fair and complete presentation of the case for the country. The illustrations are lively and really assist the text, and we have nothing but praise for the energy and work which must have gone to the making of so fine a book.

Manchester Boys: Sketches of Manchester Lads at Work and Play. By CHARLES E. B. RUSSELL, M.A. Second Edition. (Sherratt and Hughes. 1s. net.)

THIS is a re-issue of a work written in 1905 with the object of calling attention to the need for a better supply of workers in connection with social service in the Midlands and North of England. The author knows the subject thoroughly and familiarly, and writes accordingly. His praise of the good work done on training-

ships is welcome. It has been but lately recognised in the South that this opportunity of doing good both to boys and to the country at large had been neglected, but now the movement has started on business lines, and cannot work otherwise than for communal good.

One chapter on the employment of boy cripples strikes us as being remarkably practical—viz., their employment in passenger lifts—and we recommend this suggestion to those who have the opportunity of promoting it. Other ideas of the author have been started or more fully developed since the work was originally written.

Lucerne; Chamonix. Pictured and described by G. FLEMWELL. (Blackie and Son. 2s. each net.)

THESE two little volumes, simply written and illustrated by pictures which are occasionally rather too vivid in colouring, will bring back many pleasant memories to those who have visited the popular parts of Switzerland and the corner of France claiming a portion of the Alpine scenery for its own. Due prominence is given to the name of Ruskin in connection with Chamonix, and certain splendours of the flora of the district are well described. The history of the conquering of Mont Blanc forms a very interesting section.

As regards Lucerne, it is the fashion nowadays to speak of it with a curl of the lip as "tourist-ridden"—an absurd enough fashion, for there are villages within reach of a short steamer trip, and walks among the milder mountains, where not a soul will be seen save peasants who speak curious German and still more curious French: the walk from Buochs, for instance, to Stanstaad. And, after all, may not the German and English, good-man, wife, and family, see the lovely corners of the earth without being sneered at as "tourists"? Not much that is original or startling can be said now of Lucerne and the district, but Mr. Flemwell has brought out the main points of interest without suggesting the guide-book, and intending visitors should find some useful hints as well as enjoyable reading in this neat volume.

Fiction

Unpath'd Waters. By FRANK HARRIS. (John Lane. 6s.)

SOME of the stories and sketches in this volume are extraordinarily clever. The longest story, "An English Saint," dealing with a young man who, being almost impossibly brainless and characterless, is coached by a clever woman into a ghastly parody of saintliness, is unfortunately the least true and the least attractive in the book. Mr. Harris gives us an Oxford that suggests the vagaries of Cubist art, but he has managed to introduce two very living figures, the designing lady and

a stolid, arrogant Head of a House. He is happier when he gets his hero to London and the stage-door. The other stories deal mainly with idealists who find this world both "harsh and strange," and with the paradoxes of ancient and modern Jewry. "Mr. Jacob's Philosophy" is wonderfully shrewd and succinct in regard to this latter subject. To the question: "How the Jews make all the money?" he replies, "De Jews don't make money; dey get it," and, when pressed for an explanation, he tells his interlocutor that the Jew only deals in the thing "dat haf no settled value, except de desire of de customer." The "Miracle of the Stigmata" is another tremendously clever story, but it contains a misreading of elementary Christianity that would remind us, if we had not already been reminded by the title of the story, of the traditional emasculation of St. Francis. The characters portrayed by Mr. Harris are generally troubled by distressing physical symptoms when they meet a good-looking person of the opposite sex. They "catch their breath," their "mouths are parched," they "feel as if they must choke." Perhaps they are wiser than they seem; blushing is an irritating, commonplace, and conspicuous alternative. The volume should undoubtedly be widely read and enjoyed.

Temporary Insanity. By EMILY Gwynne LEWIS.
(Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

"TEMPORARY Insanity" is a curious novel—a feminine case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. We cannot follow the authoress all the way in her theories. She says: "Any action of a person whose brain is not in its normal condition cannot constitute a crime, nor can the person be accounted responsible for his actions, therefore the punishment of such actions is the real crime." And again: "Murder is classed as the most atrocious of crimes. It is doubtful whether those who kill their fellows are in any way more responsible for the deed than those who take their own lives."

This, it must be said, is written by the heroine who cuts her husband's throat because he got drunk and tried to kiss her. The changes in her temperament, aided by a bicycle accident, are rapid and startling. In our opinion the man who became the second husband of the lady was the cause of all the trouble. We leave the readers of the story to judge for themselves.

The Drummer of the Dawn. By RAYMOND PATON.
(Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

ALTHOUGH "The Drummer of the Dawn" is a little unequal and crude in construction in one or two situations, it has a great human charm. The story opens with the doings of two Bohemians: one Reginald Chambers, an actor; the other Mr. Robert Aping-Ayres, a dramatic critic whose weakness is drink. There enters into the life of Roberto a preternaturally clever and yet very human child, Philip Gray, who is christened by Roberto "Tinwhumpinny," which means

in some remote part of the world a beater of a drum. The sudden death by fire of Philip's mother, sister, and aunt, with whom he lived, throws the child quite unaccountably on the world, and Martha, his nurse, as the last resource, takes him from starvation to our friend Roberto, who makes himself responsible for his future. Their struggles for even the necessities of life form quite an interesting part of the story until the influence of the boy makes itself felt, and Roberto starts a new life from the ashes of his own old one, and prospects grow brighter for both of them. A sojourn in Morocco brings the story to the end, which is a sad one, but full of lessons.

There are one or two minor mistakes in the text. Bougainvilia is wrongly spelt, and surely the Scripture knowledge of the author is at fault when it is stated that Naaman the Syrian and Bathsheba are the only persons mentioned in the Bible as taking baths. John the Baptist certainly did, also the poor man at the Pool of Siloam, the Ethiopian official, and others.

However, let this pass, and let us thank the writer for the good book he has written, which we hope will be followed by many others. Pure boyhood and its stimulating effect on what looked like a wasted life cannot but be good—tragic though its ending—and evidently such a memory is the foundation on which the story is laid.

The Cockatoo: A Novel of Public School Life. By MAX RITTENBERG. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 5s.)

NOT expecting a school story at this season of the year, it is all the more refreshing to happen upon one. Tod is a young gentleman from New South Wales, whose father, a self-made man, wishes to place him in "the swellest house" in Whiterock, an English public school. The second chapter, headed "A New World to Conquer," gives a good idea of what the young Colonial will have to overcome, and his nick-name, "The Cockatoo," the manner in which he sets out to "teach" the English boys a thing or two. The story is very democratic in character; throughout his school career Tod is always "up against" Macey, a young aristocrat. "Smash that tacit idea of superiority based on right of birth. Haul the standard of *do* over the standard of *am*," and much more in a similar strain, writes Mr. Rittenberg. But when "am" and "do" are united, as is so often the case, the author does not tell us what will become of the energetic democrat. In his book Macey, of course, is vanquished, and Tod is triumphant after very many hard and distasteful hills to climb.

As Mr. Rittenberg claims for his book that "its spirit is the spirit of not one but of many English public schools—possibly of most"—surely his slighting reference to the headmaster is not quite accurate. It is not by having "a stock smile . . . lavished on all parents alike" and by "buying every important book issued," whether there was time to read it or not, in order to be "surrounded by the very latest modern thought" that

the headmasters of English schools have stood out as some of the most honourable and prominent men of their time. Schoolboys, however, are quick to form their own opinions, and if they have not been fortunate enough to get hold of the stories of Talbot Baines Reed, or "Eric" or "St. Winifred's," which delighted our own youth, they doubtless will enjoy "The Cockatoo" when they have strolled over "a quadrangle of grass . . . meticulously shaven—quadrisectioned by smooth paths," and come into view of the whole building "so skilfully architected."

Napoleon Boswell. By HERBERT MALLESON. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

NAPOLEON, or "Poley," is introduced here as a squalling infant less than a fortnight old, and the series of ten stories which the book contains traces him through youth and adolescence to within measurable distance of marriage with Gentilla Stanley, who plays witch to his imp throughout his early years. They are gypsy children, these two, of the true Romany breed beloved by Borrow, untamable, owning strange virtues and vices by comparison with those of house-dwelling folk, and, unfortunately, fast being driven from the roads in these days of telephonic communication between provincial police stations.

Lacking a moral sense in some directions, these gypsy folk still have qualities that render them lovable—occasionally even admirable. From earliest times their hands have been against every man save the men of their own kind, and lying and craft are in their eyes justified by necessity, where dealings with strangers—and especially with policemen—are concerned. Their qualities are largely Spartan, and in this series of glimpses into the life of young "Poley" Boswell and his parents and friends we are given sight of the true gypsy type. The stories could only have been written by one intimate with Romany character and habits.

There is a rich fund of humour in the book, for its author has an eye for incident of every kind; there is also a fine note of tragedy in the last story, which tells of the great renunciation of Ophelia Deighton, the ugly girl. But all ten stories make excellent reading, and the quality of the book is such as to evoke a hope that the author will yet give us more of these sketches of gypsy life.

The Secret of Sarm. By HUGH MONEY-COUTTS and W. R. MACDONALD. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

WILLIAM HENRY CARTWRIGHT, a great man in his own estimation, a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, owner of the yacht *Wayfarer*, electrical engineer by profession, and the architect of many castles in the air, tells the tale of his cruise as a R.N.V.R. officer, a German plot to fortify one of our own islands, interwoven with a love story which ends as it should do—quite readable, especially to one fond of the sea.

Music

FOUR hundred and more years after the tragedy of Novgorod, the comfortable, secure, snug citizens of London can almost forgive Ivan the Fourth that haematomania which has given him his dread celebrity. For had he been always a blameless, just prince, had he done no more than match our Queen Elizabeth—whom he wished to marry—in ferocity, he might not have survived to become the hero of an opera, and we should never have seen M. Chaliapine in the tremendous glory of this impersonation. Lovers of what is morbid in history have sought the blood-curdling descriptions of Ivan's cruelties in Jerome Horsey's curious pages. They have compared his actions with those of Ibrahim ibn Ahmed and Ezzelino, but it may be that the investigation has proved too horrible, and they have turned away from the sickening story. Psychologists, however, cannot afford to close their ears to the shrieks of Ivan's victims, for this Prince of Moscow's career and character form a study too curious to be neglected. The unexampled wickedness of his training when a boy; the influences which turned the young monster during a period of thirteen years into a wise, dignified, benevolent, liberal monarch, and those which, after his wife's death, let loose the devil in him and led to those deeds which earned him the name of Terrible; the presence in his complex nature of tenderness, and a religious feeling which was not the religion of Louis XI—here is material for doctors of souls to ponder over.

Here, also, is a character for a Shakespeare to present on the stage, and we need not wonder that young M. Rimsky-Korsakoff saw in it an opportunity for an operatic masterpiece. Taking a drama by the poet Mei as a foundation, he shows us why Ivan did not doom the old republican city of Pskoff to the same destruction as its unhappy sister Novgorod. Olga, a maiden of Pskoff, the supposed daughter of Prince Tokmakoff, is in reality Ivan's own daughter by one Vera, whom he had passionately loved and soon lost. It is she who offers wine to the terrible Tsar when, like Saul, he comes, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, to the trembling inhabitants of Pskoff. The father's heart in him proves stronger than the tyrant's. Olga and her lover, young Toucha, the hope of the city's patriots, are killed in a sudden night uprising. The Tsar's grief over the death of the child who had touched the nobler chords of his heart is overwhelming. But Pskoff is spared.

The story is poetic and beautiful; we wish it were not imaginary. Historians seem to attribute the salvation of Pskoff to a less romantic episode—namely, to the superstitious fears of Ivan, consequent on the threats of a "yurodivy," a "fowl creature, impostur or magion," in the words of Horsey, who offered Ivan a piece of raw flesh. "I am a Christian, and eat no flesh during a fast," cried the Tsar, as Mr. Ralston tells us. "But thou doest worse," replied the idiot;

"thou dost eat the flesh of men"; and he menaced the terrible one with dire calamities. In any case, the purer feelings supposed to be awakened by the memory of his dead love were not lasting in the case of Ivan; that noble grief which we saw on the stage at Drury Lane did but turn next year into renewed lust of blood and delight in the committal of unspeakable enormities.

It is our primary function to write of the music, but we feel unable to begin that task until we have spoken of M. Chaliapine's Ivan. In doing this we must try to be rational and composed, to remember that there were great men before Agamemnon, and that it is a peculiarly British failing, in presence of anything extraordinary, to cry at once, "Was there ever anything like it in the world?" But if we do not succeed in our effort after restraint, we shall, at any rate, fail in good company. Were we to set down the names of all those, eminent as critics of art, who affirmed to us, after the first performance of "Ivan," and cared not to measure their language, that M. Chaliapine had transcended everything of which they had supposed the actor's art capable, we should fill the columns of THE ACADEMY with a remarkable list indeed of scholars, painters, actors, authors, wits, brilliant women and sober men. When Ivan rides to the front of the stage, we think we see the incarnation in flesh of all the tyrants whose names are written in history. At the beginning of the scene of the offerings of bread and salt, we actually tremble at the power and fury of the implacable Tsar who "has an angel on the right and on the left a demon." We see that the man is mad, yet not wholly mad. We note the effect on him of Olga's innocent face which recalls his dead love. When he has muttered his "Requiescat in Pace" for "that pure and faithful spirit," and declared his will to renounce all bloodshed, we know that the rugged old monster has conquered us. We are for him, not against him. Horrible may have been his crimes, but the power of the something human that is still in his heart has prevailed.

During the anguished communing with his better self in the solitude of the tent, the wretched man still further gains our sympathy. The tiger outburst when he hears of Olga's capture only makes us cry "Bravo!" and the tenderness of his manner with Olga, which is still the tenderness of some untamed wild beast, culminating in the complete surrender of pride to the softening influence of love, regret for the sins of the past, and passionate sorrow for present bereavement—all this is so made real to us by M. Chaliapine that we leave the theatre actually grieving for the man whose name is rightly one of the most infamous in history. It is not strange, then, that to the actor whose genius has enabled him so to visualise for us a character of such awful complexity and enormity we should raise a pæan. We had supposed that his Boris must show the limits of an actor's power, but we confess that in the more difficult and fearful part of Ivan, M. Chaliapine reaches a still greater height. After unnumbered recalls, he, by a happy inspiration of genius, appeared before the curtain with his head freed from the "make-

up" of Ivan. In his cassock of royal purple, and his cross, he looked like some animated intelligent High Church curate. The transition was amazing. Was it possible that this man, a moment before, had been that terrible Ivan? Surely our eyes are deceiving us. But no; Ivan, who had been more real to us than our friend in the next stall, was only an actor, but, in truth, the greatest actor we have ever seen.

In considering what impression was made by the music, we must not lose sight of the fact that M. Chaliapine claimed so great a share of our attention that we forgot to listen very critically. We have little doubt that the music is fine enough to earn high praise and to give delight apart from the influence of the great acting part. The overture was sufficient to show the first-rate accomplishment of M. Rimsky-Korsakoff, but the opening scenes and the love-making of Olga and Toucha reached no unusual level. Here was not evident Moussorgsky's power of touching an ordinary conventional operatic incident with a markedly personal note. But from the moment that the opera became exclusively Russian, with the chorus as the protagonist, the music became personal, illustrative in the best sense, truly expressive. We are never again allowed to think that we are anywhere but in Russia. Rimsky-Korsakoff's genius is less than that of Moussorgsky, but his knowledge of musical effect is greater from the technical point of view, and there can hardly be a page of his score which does not give evidence of a master mind and hand. In declamatory science he is certainly a master.

Even though the speech of Ivan should not be uttered by so rare a vocalist as M. Chaliapine, one would probably find the musical phrase to be exactly appropriate. At the supreme moment, when Ivan yields to the softening influence, the music, in its union of passionate fervour with a very right reticence, seems as inevitable as any of the utterances of Moussorgsky himself. Perhaps we had regarded M. Rimsky-Korsakoff as not more than a composer of great talent, of remarkable cleverness. His "Ivan" teaches that he is more than that. He can rise to the height of a noble situation, and he can express through scene after scene the feelings of divers characters. You recognise in him the trained and gifted musician, but you recognise, also, the power of expression which would have made its effect even if the artistic workmanship had been less finished. M. Rimsky-Korsakoff never could have needed an "editor," but, had his work been rough and ragged, the strength of its inspiration, as in the case of Moussorgsky, would have made it worth preserving and presenting. Again a tribute of praise must be given to the whole company for the general excellence of the performance; to M. Emile Cooper for his masterly conducting; to Mme. Brian for her beautiful singing and graceful playing of Olga; to Mme. Petrenko, first of nurses; to M. Damaer for his spirited declamation as Toucha; and the MM. Andreev for their life-like rendering of the two Boyars.

In making the first announcement of his appearance as an entrepreneur, Sir Joseph Beecham said: "I am

sure that the opening night will yield to the music-loving public an artistic sensation such as it has not enjoyed for many years." Never have words been more amply justified. But we should have been the poorer had Moussorgsky's works been the only operas given us. "Ivan the Terrible" has yielded us another sensation, the like of which we can hardly hope to experience again.

The Theatre

"The March Hare" at the Ambassadors Theatre

WE have an especial tenderness for the amateur of the arts; he is generally so delightfully old-fashioned, so free from second thoughts, quite whole-hearted and enthusiastic. Miss Mary Forbes who has begun a season with the "The March Hare," is, no doubt, far from being an amateur, just as her company consists of many well-known professional people, but with the help of the playwright and the cunning of the actors, she is enabled to produce the atmosphere of the amateur at the Ambassadors Theatre. We obtained the impression that Mr. Harold Smith's farce would have greatly delighted simple-hearted children about twenty years ago. We can imagine the rich uncle, who is taken to be mad, being played by a favourite elder cousin, made up to look quite old, just like Mr. Spencer Trevor. We can see such girls as were the friends of our youth play the naughty young lady, Kate Tiverton, very much in the same staccato, but often convincing, manner of Miss Mary Forbes, and one seems to remember the Lucy Tiverton of Miss Edie Graham on the stage at the back of the village schoolroom. Memories of old forgotten farces crowd upon us as we see the work of Mr. Smith who, by the way, is considered pretty smart and up to date in some other affairs, we believe. But here he is content to ring out the new, ring in the old, and no doubt there are plenty of people who will heartily enjoy the antique, almost classic, fun which he provides so freely.

The great point of the play is an ingenious letter. All those characters who should do so read the third page of this letter in place of the second, and thus the rich uncle is mistaken for a March hare and the "locum" is accepted as an accomplished, if rather purposeless, poisoner. But everything is without point, except that, like the farces of the period of the late Mr. Toole, situations are produced which are comic in the most conventional sense. And yet it is all very merry and queer. The mild plot is not worth writing about, but we fancy that the reader might do worse than visit the play. It should delight the simple and the sophisticated—for different reasons, and it is rushed through at such a

charming pace that it should give pleasure on account of its swiftness and gaiety.

As the passionate overgrown school girl, Miss Forbes showed much genuine feeling, especially when she smashed all the china and glass in the breakfast-room and managed to make the rest of the characters believe that it was the mad act of the uncle—the rich uncle who had suggested several times that she should be whipped. This uncle, Mr. Spencer Trevor, was extremely like the hot-tempered old gentleman he has shown us in a good many other plays, and formed an excellent companion picture to his angry and hot-headed niece, Kate. Together they were amusing, as were the butler of Mr. Turnbull and some of the other characters, but the extreme old age of the comic situations frightened us a little.

"Iole," a Tragedy in One Act

IT has been explained to the world by the author of "Iole" that Mr. Stephen Phillips' work has of late been quite good enough for the critics who are not, we gather, considered by him to be very brilliant fellows. Unfortunately we often share their dullness. But the present tragedy, which was performed two or three times at "Cosmopolis," in Holborn, gives us back the fluent and splendid diction, the verbal grandeur, associated in our minds with Mr. Phillips' earlier work and enables us to enjoy a play which is not precisely dramatic.

Pelias, Mr. Stanners, is a hero of Corinth, who has gone forth to fight the Spartan hordes. He is to be given victory by the gods, and on his return to his city he is to slay the first living thing that greets him. Laomedon, Mr. E. Ion Swinley, loves and is beloved by this hero's only and motherless daughter, Iole, Miss Efga Myers. They are happy in their love, and in the news of the victory won by Pelias. At this moment the hero returns, and we need hardly say that Iole is the first to meet him, although, as she is merely "before his house," one might have thought that others, in whom we are not interested, might have met him earlier on his return to Corinth. But those things that the gods and the playwright will, they shall be. In any case the situation is soon explained, and the sorrows of Pelias, the father, Laomedon, the handsome lover, and Iole, the fluent daughter, are expressed at some length and often in lines of great beauty. The lover would protect his love; the father would spare his doubly dear child, but Iole has faith in her gods and proves, in very impressive phrases, to both the men that Pelias must sacrifice her life. When she passes from the scene for the purposes of her death, what remains but for Laomedon to shroud his face, and turning towards a priestess of his cult, stab into his own heart and expire.

The very simplicity of the story is highly effective, and as we have said, it is often told with tenderness and beauty, and with gorgeous phraseology, occasionally doubtful in meaning, but none the less pleasant to the lust of the ear. As Iole, Miss Efga

Myers made a tragic and inspiring heroine. It is true that there are certain letters of the alphabet which she does not pronounce, but she is earnest, handsome, and engaging in a thousand ways, so that such a merely technical defect is of no importance. Mr. Swinley played Laomedon with passion and romance. He looked like a young hero of Corinth, and thrilled the crowded audience with the charm of his voice. The author is also the producer, and should be complimented on his reticence in the affairs of stage decoration and the movements of his characters.

It would be interesting to see "Iole" on a larger stage than that of "Cosmopolis," but we feel sure that the so-called one-act melodrama, "Victims," by Mr. Basil James and Mr. Walter Peacock, which followed the tragedy, is excellently suited to its environment. "Cosmopolis," as the reader knows, is small and intimate, and the rose-white charm of amateur theatricality hangs about it like music round a shell. The authors tell us of "He," Mr. George Owen, and "She," Miss Efga Myers. "He" proposes to place a bomb under a Grand Duke, and "She" has lured him—with the infernal machine—to her rooms which are curiously situated at the top of an empty block of flats. After some little trouble she is allowed to set the clock of the machine at 10.30. But when she has explained to her visitor that she is a hated police spy, and that she will give him up, and that he will be frightfully knouted or something of that sort, it is discovered that she has inverted the face of the dial and set the hands to 9.30. It is almost that now. For some reason the door is supposed to be locked, and the key thrown out of the window. The moment arrives for the explosion—and passes. As in a certain part of the "Yellow Jacket," "nothing happens" except that the authors become tired of their not unskilful little idea, and change from melodrama into a sort of chat with the audience, in which they point out that we are the "Victims" of their humour. It is a curious idea, this thrusting aside the masks of the actors, but it is not very well carried out, although it is amusing enough at places like the Little Theatre and "Cosmopolis," where we should like all to be friendly and appreciative and jolly. Miss Myers was even better as the cosmopolitan beautiful lady who seemed to be a spy than as Iole; her curious accent suited this style of enchantress perfectly. We hope we may soon see her in an important part.

EGAN MEW.

Irish Players at the Court Theatre

FOR their closing week's programme the Irish Players revived "The Building Fund," by Mr. William Boyle; "The Well of the Saints," by John Synge; and introduced a new play by Rabindranath Tagore, called "The Post Office." The chief interest naturally centred in the last of these, both by reason of its first production in London and because Rabindranath Tagore has lately become the centre of much attention.

It was a puzzling performance. Had not Mr. Tagore already won his rank, the play would certainly never have been done. That, to be sure, is nothing, either one way or the other; but it explains why a production was decided on of a piece that seemed to have very little urgency behind it. The two conversations swing round about Amal, who is Madhav's adopted child. The first scene shows us Madhav in conversation with the doctor outside the former's house, and we learn that Amal is so ill that her life is despaired of, while she is forbidden to leave the house. Amal herself thereupon comes and sits upon the window, and while such persons as the Dairyman, the Watchman, the Headman, and the Flower Girl pass by the house she holds each in conversation upon the trades they ply. Each conversation is slight, and it is a little difficult to conceive exactly where the virtue transpires that each passer-by seems to feel. But the recurrence of the Post Office across the road, from which letters from the king are sent throughout the village, make us aware that this is a clue we are to remember.

The second scene shows us the inside of the cottage at night. The Fakir enters, and tells Amal of the island of parrots that he has been visiting that day. Madhav is mystified at all this strange talk, and in that deft hint we know that we are not the only people who are puzzled, and that, therefore, there is something unusual forward. It is clear, of course, that Amal is to die; and when the Fakir tells him that the King that very night is to send him a special letter from the Post Office by a special messenger we gather what is meant. But when the Headman enters with the tale, and when the King's Herald and the King's Physician enter in fulfilment of the tale, then it is not easy to see precisely what Mr. Tagore means. For allegory loses its strength when it is encompassed about with circumstance. The coming of the King's letter is the coming of death, and the whole of the seemingly vagrant conversation of the second scene is occupied with that end in view. But what relation the first scene has to the second, what we are to be left with at the close, what the significance of the conversations is—these are all questions that baffle. The whole idea is as though it were at a great distance, and Mr. Tagore fails to bring it near by a mastery of his medium. The players themselves suffered, it seemed, by the strangeness of the scene and their Eastern attire, for at first they could hardly be heard. Yet they held the play together wonderfully well, and with Mr. Lennox Robinson, who invented two beautiful scenes, deserved high praise.

The playing and production, indeed, were interesting because of the contrast they provided with the other plays of the repertory. The acting, for instance, seemed suddenly to recover the magical simplicity that used at first to characterise it, but which in the recent tide of success has become spoiled by artifice and intention without being replaced by skilled art. The setting, too, sprang back to beauty, while yet being perfectly, even courageously simple. This was note-

worthy; for the cottage "set" brought over this time, with its glaring and hideous blue walls, was so vulgar and ugly as in itself to induce ugly dialogue. Nor can accuracy be claimed for it. It may be claimed that some of the cottages in the West are only picturesque by a false conception, since nothing that entails unnecessary suffering or poverty can be beautiful. But no one will deny that they are picturesque. They certainly are not crude. And since it is the business of drama to display life at its highest moments, that sense of the picturesque may unobtrusively be turned to a beautiful setting. The dialogue would at once be affected, and the temper of the plays would follow. In drama, as in life, nothing that is not beautiful—or, at least, with an intention of beauty—has any justification. It is a condition of spiritual uprightness to denounce the thing that is ugly, in drama or out of it. And some of us who had high hopes in the Abbey Theatre have been depressed at seeing crude scenes, from an existence that assuredly is not life, put into crude plays in a crude setting. The abomination of desolation, spiritual desolation, that may be seen in some of the great cities of England has happily not afflicted even the poorest districts in Ireland, as some of us who know Ireland in our degree are glad to know; but one would not gather so much from some of the plays that have lately been seen at the Court Theatre. It is a pity. With the passing of the simplicity in the acting, the general tendency is not such as would cause an intense faith for the future.

In "The Post Office," puzzling though it was, the intention of beauty was patent, with the result that the mind went half-way to receive it. In "The Well of the Saints," brackish and bitter though its humour may be, beauty is yet seen shining through the fronds of bitterness like a sun; and one lives with the memory of the two beggars with the smell of the earth about them, with the picture before them of a beautiful old age, and with the general sense of the wind that indisputably blows through the play healthfully in the main. And the setting for both plays was in just temper with the moods they displayed, with the result that our closing memory of this year's visit helped us to expect again good for the future.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, during his recent visit to the United States, has been giving addresses at the universities and to various societies in Boston, Chicago, New York, and other cities on the teaching of sex hygiene. He has now embodied his views on this matter in a new volume, which Messrs. Chatto and Windus are preparing, entitled "A Plea for the Younger Generation." The Abbé Ernest Dimnet is writing for Messrs. Chatto and Windus a book on Modern France, which will be the first attempt not only in English, but in any language, to describe analytically the changes in the French spirit and attitude visible in the last seven or eight years.

Sound and Sense *

BY PROFESSOR HERBERT STRONG

HERE may be many good arguments against the establishment of a body answering to the Academy founded for the benefit of French letters by Richelieu, and the English-speaking nations of the world have agreed that they can dispense with such an institution. There would be, however, scope for the activities of some duly constituted council of literary men, who should have authority to define and to maintain a standard of pronunciation to be regarded as normal and correct by all the English-speaking peoples of the world. There is no such authority existent at present.

If the foreigner is desirous of acquiring a correct English pronunciation, his first question is likely to be: "What is the proper pronunciation of English as accepted by the best authorities?" If he is a German, he will think of the German of the stage (*Bühnen-Deutsch*) as the standard of his own language, and will remember that this stage-language is the result of much careful discussion among stage-managers coming from all parts of the German-speaking people in Europe. This "*Bühnen-Deutsch*," then, is practically the greatest common denominator of the infinite number of natural and artificial dialects spoken by Germans of various nationalities, and the rare English speaker who wishes to hear the best German is at once recommended to listen attentively to what he hears in the best German theatres. If our Englishman wishes to hear the best French, he is recommended to attend the *Comédie Française*, and to abide by any decisions of the *Académie Française* as set forth in their dictionary.

In England the inquiring foreigner will probably be informed that all well-educated people are supposed to speak alike, and that he will do well to conform to the pronunciation, let us say, of the upper circles of London society. Should he have had the luck to discover and to find entry into such society, and to master the pronunciation of its members, he will learn that what he has been told is correct does not appear as such in other parts of the country. The pronunciation of the Scotch Bar differs materially from that of the English Bar, and that of the Scottish clergy from that of the Anglicans. Moreover, Australians, Canadians, South Africans, all have a distinctive pronunciation of their own, and Americans possess this in a yet higher degree. In spite of all these dialectical differences, however, and in spite of the passion for liberty and progress common to the Anglo-Saxon race, it cannot be denied that all educated English-speaking people have the wish to speak what they consider "good English," which they would probably define as English which should not by any peculiarity of diction or of pronunciation betray any note of provincialism. In

* *A Tract on the Present State of English Pronunciation.* By ROBERT BRIDGES. (Clarendon Press, Oxford. 3s. 6d. net.)

certain circles of Boston society you may hear English which you at once recognise as more classical than that which you are accustomed to hear in London.

We have, then, to recognise on the one hand, on the part of the well-educated, a wish to keep the pronunciation of their language pure and undefiled; on the other hand, we have to notice that the process of what philologists rather pompously designate "phonetic decay," but which may more properly be called the operation of laziness and hurry, is making great and unwelcome progress. It is, of course, a truism that language is always changing, but it is possible that these changes may occur too suddenly, and that, when they do occur, they may tend rather to the degradation than to the ennoblement of a language. The fear at the present time is that the present state of English pronunciation is critical, and that the conversational speech of Southern England is adopting a degraded form.

This is the thesis laid down by Mr. Robert Bridges in his "Tract." He lays stress on the fact that a great number of our unaccented vowels, which have for centuries been losing their distinctions, are coming now perilously near to being pronounced all alike—*i.e.*, with the sound of the second syllable of the word *danger*, wherein neither the *e* nor the *r* is sounded, but in their place a sort of indeterminate vowel, pronounced something like *er*. This—and there are many other instances of degradation not noticed by Mr. Bridges—is actually described by certain authorities as the "pronunciation used in careful conversation, and is that recommended for the use of foreigners." The late Professor Sweet published a volume of English phonetically written for the use of foreigners, in which it was laid down that *sure* is pronounced as *shaw*; and, generally speaking, the Cockney pronunciation was adopted as the norm for those who would master English "as she should be spoke." Mr. Bridges' object is to show that what he calls "the new Phonetic" tends to stereotype the degraded conversational forms, thereby effecting a break between our modern English and all older literary forms of it. He contends that the time must come when a system of phonetics shall be adopted by all English-speaking people; that the script ordinarily adopted for a phonetic alphabet is so dissimilar from the literary script as to be illegible without special study of its special symbols, but that it is possible by using a simpler phonetic script based on the different forms of the old English alphabets to construct one which can be read by anyone who is acquainted with the ordinary literary scripts of English—and he has shown how this may be done.

But when this step in the direction of a healthy conservatism has been taken, it seems to me that some central authority or Pan-Anglican Council is still necessary to decide on the pronunciation to be adopted and indicated by the spelling of the new script, and it would be imperatively necessary that the educated classes should make a strenuous effort to stem the tide of phonetic decay, and in some instances to reverse the flow of the current, as, for instance, in the case of the

disappearance of the full sounds of our English vowels.

It might be thought that the instruction given in English in our primary and secondary schools would go far to procure unification of pronunciation. The effect, however, of this instruction has rather been to break up our old English dialects and to substitute for these a hybrid speech made up partly of the pronunciation of the teacher and partly of that of the native dialect of the scholar. In this way the picturesqueness and the historical value of the local interest disappears, and a new product of linguistic miscegenation appears in its stead.

It would then seem that, when the foreigner asks for an English norm of speech, it is not sufficient to reply with St. Augustine: "Securus judicat orbis terrarum." The reply must be made—there are so many varieties of English that you may make your choice, and, if you succeed in mastering any one of these varieties, you will be accepted as orthodox by those who speak in the same way. Meantime we must still wait till the need for uniformity in pronunciation shall have produced a personality capable of satisfying this need.

An Afternoon with Pre-Raphaelites, Cubists, and Others

LAST year I took the London Salon seriously. I am now exactly one year older, and infinitely wiser. What is more important still is that I have discovered the secret of the problem which has puzzled me for so long. The Futurists, the Post-Futurists, and the Paulopost-Futurists are not mad, as we were all of us uncharitably disposed to believe and aver: their movement is not retrograde; it is a starting afresh, a new birth. A number of persons artistically inclined having discovered, firstly, that they could neither draw nor paint, and, secondly, that their predecessors had attained finality in art, wisely came to the conclusion that the only course open to them was to start all over again. And their procedure was thorough, if nothing else. For they went right back to that shadowy past when our anthropoid ancestors first began to inscribe unintelligible marks on stocks and stones for the sheer fun of the thing. The movement has not got much beyond that stage so far. And yet it moves: I saw more than one cubist production at this year's Salon which displayed a rudimentary conception of form. I predict that in a thousand years' time one will be able to recognise the intention of these productions—Heaven forbid that I should call them pictures!—from a mere inspection of them.

I defy anybody to disprove my hypothesis. The movement has a method in its madness. A child could paint these absurdities, but only a Futurist could dare to ask such monstrous prices for them. Mr. Epstein exhibits a hideous piece of stone which he terms "Carving in Flenite" and prices at £150. Even more

appallingly ugly are the abominations of Mr. Zadkin. He naively and quite unnecessarily informs us that his atrocities are "all direct sculpture," as if we might suppose that any common artisan would be guilty of such nonsense! But the extreme limit is reached by Mr. Constantin Brancusi, with his egg-shaped amorphous lumps of bronze and stone which he is pleased to call "Muse endormie." As for the price, namely £48, I should deem a granite sett better value. As I walked along the centre of the arena with these indicia of incompetency—to use no stronger term—upon either side of me, I muttered beneath my breath, "Credo quia impossibile est." As for the paintings, amongst the thousand and more exhibited there are scarce a dozen which deserve serious notice. They include a rather stiff and artificial portrait of Miss Violet Wilson by Miss Nora Jones, which displays very great promise; a pleasing study called "The Bouquet" by Miss Ethel Wright; a seascape with vessels of war by Mr. A. B. Cull, who also shows a smaller work of a similar character, both of them being admirable studies; "Kinchinganga at Sunrise" by Mr. Janning Gangooly; and, lastly, some wonderfully vivid studies of children at the seaside by Edouard van Goethem.

The rest is silence, except for Mr. Frank Rutter. This original genius has forecast the end of modernism in art, and has given us three examples of what he calls "Simplification." These are nothing more nor less than two or three very badly drawn waggly lines meeting at capricious angles. We have little doubt that this time next year he will display an entirely blank sheet of paper and name it "Study of the Absolute." So great was the shock to my æsthetic system, caused by my short but all too long visit to the London Salon, that in a revulsion of feeling I turned Pre-Raphaelite then and there, and betook myself with all speed to the Tate Gallery, with its loan collection of Pre-Raphaelite paintings. Upon my way thither I thought with joy how I should once more see, in place of the nightmare of slovenliness and incompetence rampant at the Albert Hall, beauty of colour and delicacy of workmanship. I was not disappointed. The mere richness of colour attained by Millais and Holman Hunt and Ford Madox Brown and Williamson is sufficient to cover a multitude of sins.

In Hunt's "Hireling Shepherd" you may observe elaboration of detail in its extreme form. One can see the very scales and feathers on the wings and body of the Deathshead moth which the shepherd has caught and holds in his hand. Millais' "Autumn Leaves" is there, with its glorious wealth of colour compensating for the statuesque frigidity of the children. Another example of his art to be seen is the beautiful "Sir Isumbras at the Ford," remarkable chiefly for the saintly gentleness of expression on the face of the old knight. As for "Lorenzo and Isabella," never, I think, did such an unpleasant set of people sit down to table together. Few things could be more interesting than to see the studies for Ford Madox Brown's "Christ Washing Peter's Feet" and Arthur Hughes' "April Love," and then to walk into the adjoining

gallery and look at the full-size works. The gauzy scarf of the girl in the latter picture is one of the finest pieces of technique which I know. Then there are Williamson's "Startled Rabbit" and "Arnside and Coniston," the latter beautiful in spite of its unnatural gorgeousness of colouring. But one of the greatest gems of the collection is J. F. Lewis's "In the Bey's Garden." In purity and delicacy of colour and excellence of technique, as well as in grace and dainty charm, it is a work of supreme value. We are deeply indebted to those who have been at such pains to collect from all parts of the country so many jewels of art for our enjoyment and edification.

R. E. N.

The Magazines

AS usual, *The Quest* is a very good number. There is scarcely an article in it that does not demand attention, or that fails to promote thought. Rabindranath Tagore opens the present number with an essay on "The Realisation of Brahma," in which the author of *Gitanjali* is not quite at his best. The thought of the unpossessable being the only goal worth striving after, and of renunciation as the basis of infinite possession in consequence, is not so well worked out, or as strikingly developed, as it could have been. Dr. Nicholson continues his study of Sufism with an article on "Ecstasy in Islam," in which some very beautiful translations are given of Sufist poems and writings. These are deftly contrasted with passages from Christian mystics. His two articles, indeed, supply a clear need of information on a little-understood school of aspiration. Mr. Cranmer-Byng also continues "The Mystical Philosophy of Ancient China" with a paper on "The Philosophy of Spirit in Ancient China." Here, too, a remote subject is made familiar, and handled with the competency we should expect. Evelyn Underhill writes on "The Mystic as Creative Artist." It is not quite easy to make her article fit the title she has chosen for it. Indeed, it would not be easy to find a title to fit the article, for it is diffuse. It contains, however, some good translations from the poetry of the lady Mechthild of Magdeburg that we are glad to have. Dr. Ableson treats of "Jewish Mysticism." To our mind he altogether minimises the mystical aspiration of the Old Testament: onwards from the Psalms to the end of the collection the book is saturated with the sight of things unseen to the natural senses. To complete the circle, the editor, Mr. G. R. S. Mead, writes upon "The Meaning of Gnosis in Hellenistic Religion." A fuller number could scarcely be imagined.

Rabindranath Tagore also heads the list of contents in the *Hibbert Journal*. There he deals with "The Problem of Evil," and his article is closely woven and direct in its appeal. Indeed, it is not an article to be read lightly, for his conception of the place of pain and evil in the life of man is one that could be turned to rare use by earnest men. Professor McGiffert, in

"Christianity in the Light of its History," restates the old truth that Christianity is a continual rebirth in the lives of individuals, and not an official organisation to which men are asked to conform. He burdens his article with a mass of disputation with the critics, higher and lower, that is hardly necessary, especially as some of those with whom he disputes have passed from importance, while others are already passing. Mr. T. C. Snow misses an excellent opportunity in his article on "Imagination in Utopia." The word "imagination" needs to be used in its closer and not in its laxer significance, as the function of an authentic spiritual sense. Mr. Snow means fancy, not imagination. Other good articles are "Fragments of an Ancient (Egyptian?) Gospel used by the Cathars of Albi," by Messrs. Badham and Conybeare, and "Antiochus Epiphanes, the Brilliant Madman," by R. B. Townshend.

In the *English Review* Mr. Newbolt writes upon Milton; and in an attempted revaluation of a poetry that can with dignity dispense with praise or accusation, describes "Paradise Lost" as a "sham world peopled with phantoms from Nowhere." By that same criticism Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," and several other trifles hitherto held in fair estimation—including certain lilting songs upon a mythic Drake of all the virtues—must also disappear. But no doubt "Paradise Lost" will contrive to hold up its head. Milton's Satan, or Abdiel "faithful found, among the faithless faithfull only hee," are as real to us as anybody else's Drake; and the undeniable dullness of parts of the poem is to be found in other causes altogether than are brought forward in Mr. Newbolt's summary of Milton's achievements. Miss Beatrice Marshall continues her translation of "The Correspondence of Nietzsche with Brandes." It makes excellent reading, and is the best thing in the number. Mr. Arnold Bennett discusses the task of "Writing Plays" as contrasted with the labour of writing novels, as discovered in his own experience. What he has to say is given pungency by his complaint against the attitude of the Mandarin; and he makes many neat points. But he should remember that he himself is now considered as a mandarin by a good many writers. Mr. Edward Garnett discourses upon "Mr. Poel and the Theatre."

One of the most interesting contributions in the *Fortnightly* is "The Decreasing Value of Money," by Mr. Walter F. Ford. Nor is its interest merely vulgar, for the causes that induce the fluctuations of value, and the apparently irresponsible nature of those fluctuations, make a fascinating study: and the figures that Mr. Ford adduces have a wide political importance. Mr. P. P. Howe deals with "The Dramatic Craftsmanship of Mr. Bernard Shaw." Though he has not a new point of view to take (which, indeed, he does not assume), his review of Mr. Shaw's plays shows a complete and intimate knowledge, with the result that his article presents his facts clearly and precisely. Also, the editor himself, Mr. Courtney, continues his articles on "Realistic Drama." With the love that the *Fortnightly* has always had for articles on French litera-

ture, their subjects have not unseldom been as though they were worked up for the occasion. This month, however, "Fragments of Villon: The Paris of 1465," by Mr. Henry de Vere Stacpoole, and "Stendhal: The Compleat Intellectual," by Mr. Horace Samuel, are full of interest.

The literary substance of the *British Review* may automatically be discovered by a reference to its list of contents. We may safely depend on Mrs. Katherine Tynan writing upon "An Irish Morning," for example, and we receive such good fare as we should expect; but, apart from its few well-known names, the choice of articles seems erratic enough. Mr. Shane Leslie writes upon "The Conversion of the Celt"; and those two are the readable contents of the present number. In the *Cornhill*, George Birmingham begins a new serial entitled "The Lost Tribes." Lady Ritchie writes "L'Art d'Etre Grandpère," and has some excellent stories to tell of Thackeray.

The July *Poetry Review*, which starts a new volume of the journal of the Poetry Society—now edited by Stephen Phillips—makes a feature of a long poem of forty-three Spenserian stanzas by Mr. F. Irving Taylor, who is well known in Fleet Street as a member of the staff of a morning paper. The *Blue Book* for June, the "Undergraduate Review" published every two months by Oxford men, contains much good matter in the way of essays and verse. Mr. Walter Monckton defends public schools from the charge of immorality, and Sir Walter Lawrence replies to the article of "Indicus" in a recent issue on the subject of the Indian Civil Service. The *Empire Review* has special contributions by Mr. G. L. Courthope, M.P., on "British Sugar-Beet"; by Mr. G. H. Lepper on "British Policy in the Pacific"; and by Mr. H. C. Minchin on "Empire and Patriotism"—the latter an admirable address delivered to the children of a primary school, and a model of what such addresses should be. The *Scottish Historical Review* for the quarter is, of course, for specialists and those peculiarly interested in the North; "Some Seventeenth Century Diaries and Memoirs," however, by C. H. Firth, is a paper which any man with literary tastes may read with pleasure. A quarterly of a different style is *Orpheus*, the publication of which has just been taken over by Mr. Max Goschen; this contains a poetry-play by Mr. Clifford Bax, the editor, and several other items of note, among which the most valuable is a discussion of contemporary German poetry by Alice Wittmund. The *Journal of the Imperial Arts League* for June-November is an excellent number, with essays on "The Place of Realism in Art"—an everlasting theme; "Artists v. Critics," "The History and Making of Gardens," and other subjects more topical. In the *Dublin Review* for the July quarter Mr. Alfred P. Graves gives some English verse translations of Irish Gaelic Nature-poetry; the Rev. J. G. Vance writes on "Science and Philosophy at Louvain"; Mr. Stephen Harding discusses the new Chinese Republic, and the editor, in addition to a sympathetic article on the late Mr. George Wyndham, has a capable review of some

recent essays by Oxford men. Other fine contributions go to make up a very good number.

The July issue of *United Empire*, the journal of the Royal Colonial Institute, prints the nineteenth of a series on "Master-Builders of Greater Britain," by Ellis M. Cook, Cecil Rhodes being the subject. A very interesting article is one by H. S. Gullett on an Australian's impressions of London's suggestive odours, and there are several other excellent pages.

Harper's Magazine is, as usual, superb in its tinted illustrations, and its matter is more than usually good. An excellent article "On the Pilgrim Boat," by Stephen Graham, held us fascinated, and an exposition of "Cold Light," by François Dussaud, is especially interesting to scientifically-inclined readers. Mrs. Humphry Ward continues her novel, "The Coryton Family," and various other contributors bear familiar names. The July number of the *Windsor Magazine* contains a large instalment of Gertrude Page's new novel of Rhodesian life, "The Pathway," and the other new series, "The Fortunes of Virginia Bright," reaches a very amusing stage. Mr. Albert Kinross shows a very pretty gift for comedy in this story. A further complete episode in Halliwell Sutcliffe's romance, "The Open Road," is as picturesque as any of its predecessors, and there is a notable array of good short stories. Prominent among the articles are a new Nature-study by Charles G. D. Roberts, and a survey of "The Problem of Mars," accompanied by some interesting illustrations. The fine-art feature of the number is an article on the work of Sir John Gilbert, R.A., accompanied by eighteen reproductions from his pictures, including a finely printed coloured plate from his famous picture, "The Taming of the Shrew," in the Birmingham Art Gallery.

Among other periodicals received are *Mannin*, the first number of a review on "matters past and present" relating to the Isle of Man, which should become a storehouse of folk-lore, ancient literature, and music; the June *Broadside*—the "sheet" well known to those interested in the new Irish literary movement—with strong drawings by Jack B. Yeats and a poem by P. J. McCall; the summer number of the *Amateur Photographer*, packed with excellent articles and pictures astonishing for their cleverness; and the May number of the *Australasian Review of Reviews*, in which Mr. Henry Stead, the energetic editor, begins a series of most interesting reminiscences of his father.

Notes for Collectors

DURING the last week or so, the prices obtained at sales have not been quite so splendid as earlier in the season. We fancy that the owners of collections have been just a tiny bit too anxious to realise, and thus other collectors or dealers have been able to add to their store at rather modest prices just lately.

At the date of writing there are several interesting dispersals spoken of in the larger rooms, but these will

ON Monday, July 28th, MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE will offer for sale the valuable and very extensive Correspondence of WILLIAM HUSKISSON, Statesman, Secretary to the Treasury under Pitt, 1804-5; Colonial Secretary and leader of the House of Commons, 1827-8. He gave great attention to Indian Questions, and was killed at the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, 1830. The Letters include many written to him by the most eminent statesmen of the day, Official and other Papers dealing with his political career, in connection with the Napoleonic War, Ceylon, Canada, United States, East India Company, Cape of Good Hope, etc. The whole containing a mass of material of the utmost importance to the study of the Political History of that period; in a velvet-lined dispatch box, with Crown and initials G.R., and 10 parcels, accompanied by a carefully written MS. Index of Contents, each item being numbered, so that every Paper can be found without trouble.

To be sold at the House of
Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge,
13, Wellington Street, Strand, W.C.

be more than half finished before this journal is on the bookstalls.

At Forster's, in Pall Mall, however, every Wednesday and Thursday during the season there are often interesting old pictures and useful as well as beautiful examples of old furniture. Notwithstanding the passage of the years and the general passion for collecting, these sales seem to be always about equally well supplied, although, perhaps, the chance of a find in regard to an old and decrepit picture becomes less and less. One reason for the continued supply is the regular return to the sale-rooms of well-known pieces. Until one of the museums acquires an established and beautiful piece of tapestry, or porcelain, or furniture, it is now never at rest for much longer than a generation. It returns again and again to the famous auctions of the world, and faces the changes and chances of a capricious and sometimes a captious world.

Even in our time we have seen a famous piece of porcelain come back three times to King Street, St. James's. On each occasion it has come from a then famous collection, and each time it has been bought by the same dealer, and each time at a different price, once higher, once lower, than before.

On July 24 there will be an interesting sale of engravings, drawings, and paintings at Sotheby's, who appear this year to have greatly increased the range of their sales. Probably the examples that will attract the greatest attention are the mezzotints by celebrated engravers of the eighteenth century, a style of work

that has so immensely increased during the last fifteen years. But there are many other matters of note in the sale, such as a portrait of Mary Robinson as a child, by John Opie, and one of George Washington, by Gilbert Stuart, which should be welcome to Americans. There are also paintings from the curious and rare collection of the late Dr. J. S. Phene, who possessed the strangest-looking house in London, at the corner of Oakley Street and Cheyne Row. There are modern etchings, too, which are being bought for their beauty and, we fancy, for the certain rise which has already begun to take place in their market value.

At Christie's, on July 21, objects of art of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries will be especially noticed. They include carved-wood figures, stained glass, bronze, and carved ivory. There are also porcelain and faience from the collection of Lord Grantley, and some unusually excellent Wedgwood plaques, now greatly sought after when rooms are being decorated in the pseudo-classic manner of the brothers Adam. At the other popular rooms will be found many rare and valuable objects this week, but we have heard of nothing of immense importance which has not been already mentioned here.

E. M.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

THE private member's chance of getting a Bill through is becoming more and more remote. The men who are in the first three in the ballot have a chance if the Bill is not too contentious, but any Bill that is not through its second reading by Whitsuntide has very little chance of getting passed, and yet there never was such a session for private Bills.

Cavendish-Bentinck, although a cadet of a great Whig house, is a Unionist social reformer who is never tired of trying to do something for the working classes. Some people on our side say he is a Socialist, but he does not seem to care. On the 9th he brought in a Weekly Rest Day Bill on behalf of those who now have to work on Sunday, and was so earnest in expounding its beauties that he forgot to bow when he brought it up the House, and was promptly told when to bow by the mischievous all over the House.

Stephen Walsh, the Labour man, then brought in a Nationalisation of Coal Mines Bill. It was an immense Bill, and even Stephen grinned at its futility. He was prepared to compensate mine-owners, but to confiscate royalty-owners, although for the life of me I cannot see why one is more criminal than the other. One can invest in royalties like any other form of property—even Marconis.

The Scottish Temperance Bill came on next, and the House experimented with a "suggestion." You will remember that, under the Parliament Act, the Bill must not be altered, but must be passed three times exactly as it is. The absurdity of this is now so apparent

that Asquith invented a new phase in the passage of a Bill through the House. This is called the "suggestion" stage. A free House of Commons cannot move an amendment, but they can humbly make a suggestion to the Government, and, if the Prime Minister approves, it can be sent forward to the Lords.

George Barnes, a Glaswegian Labour man, who takes life very seriously, and is commonly supposed not to have enough "ginger" by his friends who sit below him, made a gentle suggestion that, as licences were to be extinguished under local option, an insurance fund should be set up to compensate those whose livelihood had been destroyed. Tullibardine took a hand in improving the suggestion, and McKinnon Wood got rather annoyed; he was frightened of offending the serried ranks of the teetotalers, so was obliged to say he was against compulsory insurance, which evoked derisive cheers from the Unionists. The "suggestion" was killed, and at 11 the Bill went through.

I told you in my last letter how the Government made sure of getting the Plural Voting Bill through last week, and how we were able to destroy that hope in spite of an all-night sitting. On Thursday it came up again on report. The City was once more stoutly defended, and the Government were amazed to find how many improvements can be suggested even in a one-clause Bill. They thought they had drawn it so artfully. "Anybody who votes twice at a general election is liable to such and such pains and penalties" seems a sentence that you cannot alter very much, and yet hour after hour the Bill has been talked round in various ways.

If every Bill had been scrutinised like the Plural Voting Bill, there would not be so many complaints of sloppy and slovenly legislation.

The Solicitor-General promised redistribution if the Government ran its normal course, and convinced the House that he was in earnest. Some of us remembered the same promise of Asquith not to pass more than one important Bill per session, and his undertaking to reform the House of Lords.

Friday came, and still the end of the Plural Voting Bill was not yet; in fact, our Whips finally made an arrangement whereby the Government should have the third reading by 7.30 on Monday, exactly ten days later than the Radicals expected. We discussed the University vote, and were just winding up, when two Suffragists in the gallery caused a diversion. One fired off a cork out of a popgun pistol, the noise being made, I think, by one of those "50 amores" so dear to our childhood. He was promptly hawked out, and hurled down the narrow stairs like a sack of coals; we heard the bumps as he went. The other man distributed a number of cardboard mouse-traps in allusion to the "Cat and Mouse" Bill. They fell about the House like daylight fireworks, and were caught and examined by those fortunate enough to sit below the gangway. If this goes on, we shall have to clear the gallery again. Some madman will do something serious.

On Monday the attendance in the House of Commons was very thin. Many people went away to hear the debate on Home Rule in the House of Lords. Lord Crewe gave some of us at the Bar the idea that he was angling for compromise; but he got no comfort from Lord Lansdowne, who pointed out that the Opposition would not be satisfied unless the measure was submitted to a general election or to a referendum. "If the country wants the Bill, we are ready to let them have it. We ask you to put it to the test, and we are ready to abide by the decision."

In the Commons, Pretyman moved the rejection of the Plural Voting Bill on the third reading. He was not so forcible as usual, but, as a matter of fact, he is not familiar with the subject. Montagu, the Under-Secretary of State for India, replied, and then a host of men made short speeches on either side. The back-bench men on the Government side had been unmuzzled, and one or two of them betrayed the fact that they thought the Bill was a strong order and ought to be followed by a measure of redistribution as soon as possible. To attempt to abolish plural voting in a one-clause Bill, with only one operative line, has been a difficult task, and it is quite a different measure from what it was when it first appeared. The division was a disappointment to the Government, the majority being only 71. It was averred that a number of Radicals were frightened of the wrath of the plural voters in their own constituencies, and abstained.

In the evening John Rawlinson made his annual criticism of the L.C.C. Money Bill, which is a useful performance which no one else spares the trouble to undertake. Hayes Fisher replied, and the rest of the evening was devoted to a wrangle between the L.C.C. and the London United Tramways Company over a clause in the L.C.C. Omnibus Bill. The L.C.C. haughtily refused to submit to arbitration, although the litigation over the lines has been going on for four years, to the inconvenience of everybody who uses the Hammersmith main roads. The debate lasted until 11, when Sir Ivor Herbert, the Chairman of the Committee who had charge of the Bill, rather weakly climbed down and postponed the settlement of the matter probably for another year.

There is a holiday feeling over the whole House. There is no enthusiasm about anything, and, now that the four great Bills are through, all interest is dead.

On Tuesday, attention was again centred in the Lords, where the Home Rule debate was concluded. Lord Londonderry put the blunt question to the Government supporters: "Are you going to shoot down loyal Ulstermen at the direction of men who cheered the death of British soldiers in South Africa?"

It was a striking question, and, although he pressed it on Lord Crewe and Lord Morley, he got no reply. The former said bluntly, but rather weakly: "You will get no reply out of me." The latter, with a suggestion of his old Parliamentary skill, avoided answering "in the case of a purely hypothetical contingency."

Lord Ashby St. Ledger made an interesting disclosure of Government intentions. There will not be a general election before next May. By that time the Home Rule Bill will have gone through for the third time and thus automatically become law under the Parliament Act, but before an Irish Parliament is set up there must be a general election.

Now do you see their game? Redeem their promise to Redmond, but let the Unionists have the task of repealing the Home Rule Act.

Lord Loreburn made a dignified speech, urging reasonableness and compromise; but there was no spirit of compromise about the Unionist Lords. They felt far too strongly about the dangers of Home Rule to listen to smooth-tongued ex-Chancellors. There was only one way out of it: a general election on the question, and, if the Government could not or would not grant that, well, then, they should throw out the Bill for the second time, and out it accordingly went, with a majority of over 200 against it.

In the Commons, Asquith, in answer to a question, promised to reform the House of Lords next session, but declined to make any forecast.

We were promised an easy session next year, but it does not look much like it. Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, Scottish Temperance, and Plural Voting, all for the third time of asking, plus Reform of the Lords, Education, Redistribution, and Milk, will make a fairly heavy load.

A vigorous debate followed on the Insurance Act Amendment Bill. Masterman denied that there was excessive sickness—by which is meant malingering—except in Lancashire, where the doctors were most against the Bill—meaning thereby that they connived at it.

Bonar Law protested at the increased expenditure. Insurance under the present Act cost the country £4,000,000—far more than Lloyd George anticipated—it was now going to cost £7,000,000, and goodness knows how much more, because they can smuggle extra lumps of money by means of the Supplementary Estimates.

Lloyd George was in excellent form and spirits. He piously declared that it was the duty of a good Government to face unpopularity if they thought measures were for the ultimate good of the people. He told us about the unpopularity of similar Acts in Germany, when they were first introduced, and their popularity now.

We objected to the closure and to the Bill being sent upstairs, but we did not decide against the principle of the measure, for it certainly improved the Act and adopted many of the suggestions we had pressed on the Government when passing the first Act.

"A Man's Man," by Mr. Ian Hay, which has been delighting readers of "Maga," will be published this week by Messrs. Blackwood. It is cleverly illustrated, with a coloured frontispiece and several black and white drawings by Mr. Charles E. Brook.

Notes and News

"War in Space"—an aerial Franco-German invasion—is the subject of a book which the Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd., are issuing. The author of the work is M. Louis Gastine, an authority upon aircraft machines as instruments of destruction in a modern war. A shilling net edition of the book will be issued immediately after the 3s. 6d. edition is exhausted.

Mr. John Lane publishes this week "The Airman: Experiences while Obtaining a Brevet in France," by Captain C. Mellor, R.E., with an introduction by Maurice Farman and eight illustrations, at 3s. 6d. net. This little book will be a great help to the would-be pilot. It gives him practical instruction in the necessary preliminaries, besides warning him of the unexpected dangers and difficulties he may encounter.

Among the literary articles in the forthcoming number of the *Quarterly Review* will be one on the poetry of Robert Bridges, another on Irish humour as exemplified in recent novels, a third on the poems of Rabindranath Tagore. The great work of Professor Oman on the Peninsular War forms the subject of a review; and the life of Sir A. Lyall is treated by Lord Cromer and Mr. Bernard Holland. The report of the London University Commission is discussed by two of the highest authorities, especially in its medical aspects. "Dry-fly Fishing for Sea-Trout" and "The Early History of Tobacco" will attract a good many readers.

The School of Russian Studies in connection with the University of Liverpool is interesting itself in the preparation of a new Russian-English dictionary, and M. Trophimov, at the school, will gratefully receive any suggestions from Russian scholars. Some of the suggestions already put forward are as follows: The words should be printed in alphabetical order, and not by roots or cognate groups; the etymological composition of the words should be noted, tracing the original form and kindred roots in other languages; each word to be marked with an accent; declension of the nouns to be indicated; words should be fully and precisely explained in all the subtle shades of their meaning, with plentiful examples; contemporary Russian writers who have introduced new words should be drawn upon; proper names should be given in an appendix; and pronunciation should be explained in a preliminary statement. By putting these and other ideas into practice it is hoped to produce a dictionary that shall be of more use to the student of Russian than any hitherto available.

The annual meeting of the Catholic Record Society was held on July 9 at Archbishop's House, Westminster, the chair being taken by his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, K.G. His Eminence Cardinal Bourne sent a letter of regret for enforced absence, as did many other influential Catholics, including Monsignor Ward and Admiral of the Fleet Lord Walter Kerr, G.C.B. The adoption of the report was moved by the chairman and seconded by the Very Rev. Canon Sutcliffe. The steady progress shown during the past year is a matter for great satisfaction to the members. The Society was founded nine years ago for the transcription and distribution of ancient registers and records of Catholic

interest, especially any bearing on the penal times, and much valuable work has already been accomplished in this respect, the list of volumes issued by the Society being a very interesting one from the antiquarian point of view. There was a suggestive discussion in which several of the members took an animated part. All particulars will be given on application to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. Hansom, 27, Alfred Place West, South Kensington, W.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

THE BALKAN HORRORS

THE belief prevails generally that before many days are over hostilities will have ceased in the Near East. The closing of one of the most sordid chapters in the world's history cannot come a moment too soon. Public opinion in all countries has been unanimous in its condemnation of the belligerents. Nor, in spite of the statements which have flooded the Press, seeking to apportion the blame, are intelligent men inclined to relieve any single party of the responsibility for the crime committed against civilisation. The horror and hypocrisy of the whole affair have left on all healthy minds an impression of unspeakable disgust. After accomplishing a splendid triumph against a common foe, and amid circumstances which gave legitimate hope that a strong confederation of States was about to be created, such as would exercise an almost decisive influence upon the destiny of Europe, the so-called allies gave rein to the lust for spoils and converted Macedonia into a shambles, wherein, within a period less than a week, more lives were sacrificed than was the case during the epoch of Turkish misrule.

Recalled in the light of recent events, King Ferdinand's invocation of the Cross, with which he began the campaign against the Ottoman forces, sounds like the most colossal piece of blasphemy that has ever been uttered. Whichever State or States have gained the upper hand in the orgy of slaughter and plunder, the judgment of the world will be that the Balkan kingdoms, far from having emerged to an era of progress in this the twentieth century, are still steeped in the savagery of a barbarism that belongs to a period somewhere before mediævalism—for it is a savagery unrelieved by the least semblance of chivalry.

No amount of territorial acquisition can compensate the Allies for the sympathy and respect which they have lost in Europe. Bulgaria has incurred her own punishment. She is totally eclipsed. Servia and Greece are at the moment flushed with victory, but what a victory! Rumania is putting to shame the profession of arms. Singularly enough, the only belligerent that in any measure appears to be justified at present is Turkey. As we have said, Servia and Greece are flushed with victory, but, unless we are greatly mistaken, they will find the aftermath bitter in the extreme. We cannot imagine a Greek or a Servian being received abroad on

terms of cultured equality. It may be objected that this circumstance will not hurt peoples whose sensitive feelings are bound to have been blunted by prolonged contact with rapine and massacre. How, then, are civilised communities to emphasise their abhorrence? There is only one course which suggests itself at the moment, that is to boycott the securities of the States concerned, and refuse to respond to any invitation to subscribe to new issues. Such a course could not be interpreted in any other light than that of just retribution. We are sure that Englishmen will not want to draw revenue from a quarter where atrocities have been committed on a far greater scale than was ever the case, for example, with the Congo or Putamayo. For we must repeat that in regard to this latest phase of the Balkan tragedy, the criminal phase, no single party can escape culpability.

Argued from any point of view, even from that of high policy, the friendship of these States is unwanted. Had they chosen to consolidate their alliance of expediency into a stable federation, then they would have counted as a really great factor in international politics, and Europe would have been called upon to reckon with the birth of a new Power. As it is, they have proved that, except in the art of butchery, they have made no progress since the days of their emancipation. In short, they remain, as they have always been within living memory, petty relics of the age of barbarism—in peace, farcical; in war, fanatical. In their thirst for loot, the horizon of their outlook has been narrowed, and they have paid no heed to future and larger interests, such as should be the concern of any people possessing the genius of statecraft. In other words, they may be likened to a type of man who knows no other remuneration for his labour than that of "cash down."

Their proceedings are made all the more wilful when we reflect that during the period of their campaign against Turkey, and in the interval before they embarked upon the absorbing occupation of cutting each other's throats, they enjoyed the patient counsel of the world. Diplomatists and publicists united in advising moderation. In one country, Russia, their cause was espoused with unbounded enthusiasm, but as it became evident that their policy was founded upon trickery and treachery, even the friendship of Russia cooled. The outbreak of war among the Allies, if it has not dealt a death-blow at the Pan-Slavonic movement, has at least retarded its progress to an incalculable extent.

MOTORING

AT the annual general meeting of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, held at the Hotel Cecil, London, on Monday last, Mr. Charles Jarrott, who presided, owing to the absence through illness of Mr. Joynson-Hicks, the chairman of the Association, drew special attention to the amount of money being spent—or, rather, not being spent—by the Government Road Board upon the improvement of the roads of the

country. As is generally known, when the present taxation upon motorists was originally imposed, it was definitely promised that the large amount of money thus raised should be devoted to road improvements, and upon this understanding the motoring community as a body accepted the burden with comparative equanimity. The appointment of the Road Board, which was to receive the proceeds of the motorists' tax and allocate the money in accordance with the requirements of the respective districts, was thoroughly approved, and especial satisfaction was felt when it was announced that Mr. Rees Jeffreys, the former secretary and leading spirit of the Motor Union, an acknowledged authority upon all matters relating to road administration, had been appointed to the secretaryship and virtual management of the Board. Up to the present, however, it cannot be said that the hopes and expectations of the motorist have been at all fulfilled. It is not so much that the money spent has not been judiciously spent, but that so large a portion of it has not been spent at all.

According to official figures given in reply to questions in the House of Commons, the income of the Road Board was £3,457,021, and of this amount the Board had invested no less than £2,602,527. As Mr. Jarrott pointed out, the money was raised, not for investment, but to be used for the improvement of the roads, and motorists have every right to know why the Board is "sitting upon" nearly two millions of their money while road improvements are urgently called for in every direction. The Road Board's policy of hoarding up its money is in striking contrast with that of the A.A. and M.U., which last year expended practically the whole of its huge income—nearly £90,000—in useful work on behalf of its members and of motorists generally. Perhaps the following resolution, passed unanimously at the Association's meeting, will serve to awaken the Road Board to a sense of its obligations:—"That the Association, comprising 65,000 members and users of motor vehicles, is dissatisfied with the accumulation of enormous funds by the Road Board, notwithstanding that such funds are automatically increasing year by year, and calls upon the Executive Committee to inquire into the policy of the Road Board, its annual income and expenditure, and the manner in which the funds are to be expended."

A matter of considerable interest and importance to very many owners of cars is referred to in the current issue of *The Motor*, namely, that of the advisability of spending money to modernise as far as possible cars which are now, owing to the rapid and continuous development of automobile design, obviously behind the times. There are at the present moment thousands of cars, either running on the roads or in garage, which, although constructed in the comparatively early days of the industry—say, from five to ten years ago—are thoroughly sound in all essentials, and capable of giving practically as good service for years to come as they were when originally built. But nobody likes to be identified with vehicles which are conspicuously out of

date, and motorists generally are especially sensitive on this point.

The question is—is it better to sell such cars for what they will fetch, which, in the open market is practically nothing, or to send them to one of the firms which make a speciality of "modernising" old-type cars, to be adapted as far as possible to present-day requirements? The answer must, of course, depend upon the particular circumstances of the case. As our contemporary remarks, when the proposed conversion amounts to the reconstruction of approximately two-thirds of the car it is certainly not worth while; and it has to be borne in mind that however well the work of reconstruction may be done, the antiquity of the car will be obvious to the eye of the experienced. There are certain basic factors, such as frame design, length of wheel base, amount of ground clearance, wheel-diameter, etc., which differentiate the old from the modern car, and these if is not practicable to attempt to alter. The fact remains, nevertheless, that there are many cars of old pattern which, for an outlay of a few pounds, can be rendered quite presentable in appearance, and more efficient in actual service than at any time in their career.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

AS I write the sentiment of the City veers towards the amiable. We are inclined to look forward to happier days. Lloyd George appears as a Sun-god drying up the mist of misery. Russia comes forward and says: "The war must stop." Sir Edward Grey's very serious words were actually taken in their exact opposite sense, so sure were we that a good time was coming. In fact, we are tired of selling short of all securities. The Stock Exchange man, although he knows that he can only make money on the "bear" tack, hates selling—hates falling prices. The public has only one method of speculation—buying. The other method—selling—is entirely disregarded. Yet it stands to reason that a level-headed man should be able to use both methods. Few of us are ambidextrous; not even the greed of money can persuade us to sell—nor the fear of losing what we have. The pig-headed courage of the English which has pushed them on all over the world makes them bad speculators. The Jew, always nervous, highly strung, sensitive to impressions, filled with a quite unjustifiable opinion as to the power of wealth, is the best speculator, the best "bear." But he is too nervous—he lacks the bull-dog courage which makes a man hang on. So we see sharp reactions.

But the position has not altered so much on the Continent. All the Balkan States are still at war. All the great bankers are still chock-block full of securities they cannot sell—pawned stock that has never been redeemed—Treasury notes that are still to be converted into the more saleable bond. Trade is not so good, prices are slowly if surely falling all over the world and profits

are coming down. A definite reaction has set in. No one except the politician denies this. He has become so accustomed to lies that he cannot tell the truth. He lives in an atmosphere of make-believe.

The new issues are happily falling away. This is splendid. Underwriters will now find an opportunity to sell their accumulation of paper. Bankers will breathe again. The Bovril issue was a great success, and Mr. Lawson Johnstone tells us that this was due to the way the offer was advertised. I think he is wrong. The issue went well because public taste is changing. The cataract of disaster which has befallen the Foreign Industrial has warned off the investor. The failure of the Anglo-Continental supply to keep up its profits—the awful fiasco made in Argentine Tobacco—the catastrophe of the American Waterworks—the disgust most people feel at the outrageous finance of the Latin-American group, cynical greed of a very shameless character—the utter unreliability of all the dozens of public utility bonds—Cuban Ports planted all over the country at 90, now almost unsaleable at 35—Mexico North Western, Lake Superior Iron, Mexican Northern Power, Georgia Light and Power. But why go on with the dreary list? Hundreds of thousands of pounds lost!

Turn to the English Industrial section. Look at the list. If we except Marconi, I cannot call to mind any serious collapse in anything. Rubber shares have fallen, I admit, but most of these still give an investor a high return on his money, and after all they can hardly be called Home Securities. English Industrials taken as a whole have had a splendid year, and have kept their prices. The public now realises that though Great Britain moves slowly she moves surely. Dividends are better food than the estimates of grand profits which don't materialise. I think the investor will leave public utility bonds severely alone. He will be wise. Most of them are overburdened with commitments which they cannot possibly finance through. They are in for a very bad time, and all the weaker ones will go into the hands of a receiver.

MONEY is at the moment easy. This is just what one would expect. The half-year has ended. The autumn demand has not begun, and for some weeks everybody in Lombard Street will have a great deal more money than he knows what to do with. But I doubt whether any reduction can be made in the Bank Rate. Certainly not as long as the war lasts.

FOREIGNERS are wholly dependent upon Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. The tone in those places is better for the moment. A good many people disbelieve the tales of carnage, the overwhelming victories of Greek and Servian. I am assured that all the Balkan countries are most anxious for peace. But they hate each other with ferocity, and it will not be easy to persuade them to lay down their arms. Besides, say what we will, we all know that at the back of those States are the Great Powers who wink at the financiers who supply the arms, the ammunition and the wages without which no war can be carried on for a day. That Turkey can carry out her threat and retake Adrianople is said by my friends in Constantinople to be simply ludicrous. The city is penniless, the State bankrupt, and the army in revolt and unpaid. War is impossible. Greece will have Salonica and Cavella, and thus command the tobacco trade. This seems easy to arrange if Austria agrees. But Servia wants a port on the Adriatic. If Italy is wise she will consent and leave the Triple Alliance. Then the peace of the world is assured for many years to come. King Edward struggled hard to detach Italy. He failed. Will Sir Edward Grey succeed?

HOME RAILS.—I am afraid that the railway companies intend to take a mean advantage of the new regulations,

and will refuse to tell their shareholders anything as to the results of the past half-year. It is said that they will just declare the dividend and not even say how much is carried forward or how much placed to reserve. If this policy be adopted there will be an outcry. The directors will be foolish to act thus. They will soon need a great deal of money. All the big lines must gradually electrify. They dare not delay much longer. If they were wise they would electrify every yard of their roads. The capital outlay would be great, but the saving in wages, coal and rolling stock would be enormous. Besides, it has got to come. Now the clever railway man should take the public into his confidence. He should make a friend, not an enemy, of the investor. Directors to-day treat the shareholder like dirt. One day they will see how foolish they have been. In spite of the stupidity of the railway director I advise a purchase of all our leading stocks. I again say buy Great Western, L. and N. W. R., Midland Deferred, North-Eastern, Lancashire and Yorkshire, Great Northern Deferred, Caledonian Deferred, and North British Deferred.

YANKEES, in spite of the settlement in Unions, which, by the way, has been advertised in a very lavish manner, remain dull. The continued gold exports from the United States have made operators nervous. The knowledge that a great number of the smaller railways must get money or go into the hands of a receiver makes people afraid. Even the famous Northern Pacific, one of the soundest lines in the United States, had to borrow at 7 per cent. on two-year notes—a degradation which shows to what depths Yankee railways have fallen. Unions will be supported. But will Southern Pacific also be kept up? The silly farce played by the politician over this segregation has not helped Washington. Judge Lovett has openly accused the Washington politician of blackmail. He made the accusation in a pointed manner. The facts as far as we know them appear to be true. Trade in the States is not bad, but the conditions on the Continent affect the Wall Street bankers seriously, and we must expect no important rise.

RUBBER shares might conceivably move upwards. I am sure that everyone in Mincing Lane will do his utmost to push up prices. But first the plantations must get buyers for their rubber. This will not be easy. For the lack of "keeping quality" in plantation rubber prevents any corner. It cannot be stored like fine hard-cured Para. It was easy to manipulate a few thousand tons a year—and it was done. It is not possible to manipulate the present output. The reports as they come out are just about as good as they were expected, no better and no worse.

oil, as far as the commodity is concerned, is hard in price all over the world. But I again warn my readers that this price is the result of a combine between the big groups, and when trade falls off the combine may break up. North Caucasian report was not bad, and the shares rose. The company is now controlled by Shell, which, with Nobel and Rothschilds, run the whole oil trade of Russia. Lianosoff, the great manipulator, will, in my opinion, overreach himself. I regard the Russian position as very dangerous.

MINES.—The Amalgamated Props. reconstruction will now go through. Sir Abe has apparently made up his quarrel with Latilla and Bonnard, and all will work together to push up the price, when wise people will get out. I think the underwriting terms are fair, and I advise my readers to accept them. We are now told that Shamva needs more money. But can the mill when erected crush at a profit? I very much doubt it. All Kaffirs are dull; the fear of higher working costs stops

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any buyer, especially as the grade of the ore is steadily falling. Diamond shares have been supported, but I am afraid De Beers have seen the top. Blaauwbosch, a much-puffed share, should be sold. Sopa Diamond rig collapsed suddenly. Another Edmund Davis thing gone wrong!

MISCELLANEOUS shares keep steady. The British Portland Cement report was exceedingly good, and "bears" of Associated are growing nervous. But the Mex. Trams, Brazil Tractions, and such-like stocks are always on offer. There is no sign of the tap being turned off yet. Underground Electrics have been supported on the good figures. But till the report comes out they are very dangerous. I do not believe the puffsters who promise great things. The iron and steel trades are now looking for orders. The shares should be sold.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

TERRITORIALS AND HOME DEFENCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Of your courtesy I have been enabled from time to time to place on record in your columns some of my views in regard to the above. Your well-known fairness on this question emboldens me to query some of the statements set forth in the article under your signature, entitled "Our Military Inadequacy."

Of the Government's military policy as a whole I have nothing to say, but so far as the Territorial Force is concerned, I do venture to submit that exaggerated statements are not likely to remedy existing defects or to

encourage the youth of the country to come forward in its defence.

You say "The Force consists largely of non-effectives." Almost in the next line you supply the proportion of non-effectives, viz., 58,446 recruits, or less than one fourth of the total strength. Surely "largely" is the wrong adverb.

The Duke of Bedford is responsible for the following sweeping assertion: "A quarter of the fighting line are known to be useless with 'their rifles.'" Query: How far does a recruit's inability to hit a fixed target at certain specified distances disqualify him for fire control purposes, and in any case, why assume that such recruits would necessarily be in the firing line at all? In any estimates of fighting value I have always ruled out 50,000 first year's recruits. His grace of Bedford also says it is contrary to common sense to suppose that a boy (presumably a boy of eighteen) can carry upwards of half his own weight, i.e., 60 lbs., the total weight of his kit, etc. This is putting the weight of the recruit at under nine stones, and allowing nothing for the weight of his clothes—14 lbs., included in the 60 lbs. Now, while no doubt the Treasury would welcome the innovation, up to now the British Army has not been called upon to go forth to war in "pura naturalibus," so that the Duke might just as well have stated his case accurately and said 46 lbs., I think I am right in saying the lightest weight carried by any European soldier.

Again, the Territorial recruit has to pass the same medical examination as his professional brother in arms, and any youth not fitted to carry his Service kit and accoutrements would certainly not qualify.

Now, marksmanship and physical conditions can both be improved by the provision of more ranges and gymnasiums, clubs, etc., yet you cavil at the extra expenditure, of which I am delighted to hear, foreshadowed by the Secretary of State for War! His Grace's criticism of the artillery is very scathing, but here again a little more cash for ranges and opportunities for practice would grease the wheels and probably facilitate "the clearing of the roads."—Believe me, yours truly,

R. J. TURNER.

London, E.C.

"DAUBER."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—It is surely dreadfully wrong of a critic of poetry to say of Masefield that his conception of "Dauber" is based on an untruth.

He writes that he knew a painter on a tramp ship who was quite happy. That is easy to understand. But why should not Masefield equally have known a painter of ships on a tramp ship who was quite unhappy? I presume that no one who does not care about poetry takes the trouble to write about it, and nobody does care about poetry who has not himself a poetic temperament. So that if the writer of this article on Masefield's poetry will only realise that Dauber was shy (an affliction which perhaps can be understood rightly only by poets), there will be no difficulty surely in perceiving the awful beauty and truth in the poem of "Dauber." Yours truly,

MANNING SPROSTON.

36, Rich Terrace, Earl's Court, S.W.

THOSE MAD SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Now that the birch has been suggested as a remedy for the mad suffragettes—one which a hunger strike could not interrupt—may I refer your readers to

correspondences of old standing on which its use on young ladies was strongly advocated. Some of your readers will probably be able to give more recent references, but the one to which I would refer is remarkable on account of the high class of the journal, viz., *The Queen*. It was in 1865 and 1866. Possibly the proprietors might be induced to republish or permit someone to make extracts and do so.—Faithfully yours,

Dublin.

INQUIRER.

NECESSITOUS LADIES' HOLIDAY FUND.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—You have been good enough to allow me to appeal in your columns for several years past for contributions towards a fund for providing holidays by the sea or country side for necessitous ladies, and through your generosity, and that of your readers, I have been enabled to bring rest to those to whom it meant a boon untold.

May I be allowed to appeal again for help to send away governesses, typewriters, hospital nurses, secretaries, musicians, actresses, clerks, and ladies of gentle birth engaged in other professions, who for reasons of age and ill-health are out of work and have no means of providing holidays for themselves, yet who, without the possibility of earning money in the summer months, are left behind in London exposed to the sufferings attendant on poverty, whereas women of a rougher class are liberally provided for through various other holiday funds.

I plead, then, for those too proud to plead for themselves; for the sick and broken down from overwork.

All contributions sent to the above address will be gratefully acknowledged and distributed.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

CONSTANCE BEERBOHM.

48, Upper Berkeley Street, W., July 12.

WARNING—TUTORSHIP IN RUSSIA.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—There is a man of the Tourboff-Kieff district who, by various means, tries to entice English teachers there as "Tutor to his son" (?). Searching inquiries are made concerning the candidate, but none as to the employer, and so its "notice" contains nothing of the truth.

When the victim arrives, he finds himself in a wild, half-civilised country district, twenty-five miles over impassable roads from a railway station and 150 miles from a town, at the house of a Russian of most impossible type with an ignorant Spanish wife to over-ride all one says and does; your life made into a hell between the two, with children who are unsolvable psychological problems; having to bargain for your salary, and finding attempts to "do you down." No society, the life of a Dreyfus on a Devil's Island, the duties of a wet-nurse from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. seven days a week, 365 days a year. No holidays given, watched in your room through the keyhole by order of Madam, fed at a table from which the British workman would turn away, treated to monstrous untruths and perfidy every day, your letters stopped, occasionally opened, and some not handed over at all, and your lessons in English being the last thing wanted.

Then the passport difficulties and police tyranny in remote districts are well-known. Through being in ignorance of the half-yearly foreigner's tax, I had my passport confiscated by the officials at Alexandrowo last September the moment I entered the country.

And how shall I tell of my strenuous daily endeavours during nine months to obtain another passport in order

to get out of Russia, or of my frustrated attempts to go home at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide respectively, because I was passportless; of this man's intrigues with the police officials to prevent me; of the pounds in bribes which I have had to pay various Russian police authorities to put the matter through at all; of the journeys to different towns to obtain certificates from every police authority from the village bobby right up to the Governor of the province (all to say that I was a harmless insect and might be permitted to go); of the strenuous labours of the British Foreign Office, the Chief British Consul at Odessa, and the British Consul at Kieff in my behalf (without the help of these gentlemen I should never have got out at all).

And now I am again in England about to undergo medical treatment for the nervous breakdown consequent upon my experience in this matter, with over £30 owing me from this man for the travelling expenses attached to the salary, and other deficits. I earnestly appeal to prospective conditaires, for their own sakes, well to consider the matter before deciding in the affirmative herein.

E. L. WOOD.

Hattersley, Mottram, Manchester.

BOOKS RECEIVED

VERSE.

- Looms of Silence.* By Adèle Warren. (John Long. 2s. 6d. net.)
Poems of Henrietta A. Huxley, with Three of Thomas Henry Huxley. (Duckworth and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
A Symphony, and Other Pieces. By Arthur E. J. Legge. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)
A Masque of Poetry: In Homage to Southey and Other His Fellow Poets. (Privately Printed by T. Bakewell, Keswick.)
The Pursuit, and other Poems. By Isobel Hume Fisher. (Maunsel and Co. 1s. net.)
The Elizabethan Voyagers, and Other Poems. By H. E. Kennedy and C. Michell. (Lynwood and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)
Phyllistrata, and Other Poems. By E. Cecil Roberts. (James Clarke and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
Chansons: Pompadour — Crinoline — Modernes — Mont-martoises. By Avron Strawbridge. With a Foreword by Yvette Guilbert. (Kegan Paul and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Night Ride, and Other Verse. By Oswald H. Davis. (Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
Voces Clamantis. By H. B. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 1s. net.)
My Lady's Book. By Gerald Gould. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Book of Nature, 1910-1912. By John Gould Fletcher. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)
The Elegies of Albius Tibullus. The "Corpus Tibullianum" edited, with Introduction and Notes on Books I, II, and IV, 2-14, by Kirby Flower Smith. (American Book Co., N.Y., \$1.50.)
The Honourable Kitty, or Sixes and "Seven." By K. N. Colville. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 1s. net.)
Daily Bread. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)
The Golden Journey to Samarkand. By J. E. Flecker. (Max Goschen. 2s. 6d. net.)
Poems and Verses. By Clifford Kitchin. (George Allen and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
Vagaries. By Année Lightfoot. (John Long. 2s. 6d. net.)

Songs of a Buried City; with a Note on Matters Romano-British. By H. Lang Jones. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 1s. net.)

A Soul's Symphony. By Marcus S. C. Rickards. (J. Baker and Son, Clifton. 4s. 6d. net.)

Sonnets and Quatrains. By Antoinette de Coursey Patterson. (Fisher and Co., Philadelphia.)

The Scented Chamber, and Other Poems. By Charles Cammell. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 3s. 6d. net.)

Lone Age Epics. (Battle-Hymns for the War-Worn). By James Saunders. (Whitehead Bros., Wolverhampton. 2s. net.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Ancient Egyptian and Greek Looms. By H. Ling Roth. Illustrated. (F. King and Sons, Halifax. 2s. 6d.)

Gerhart Hauptmann: His Life and His Work, 1862-1912. By Karl Holl, Ph.D. With Portrait. (Gay and Hancock. 2s. 6d. net.)

Coronation Studies: The Great Gold Spurs. I. Co-heiresses. II. The Service and the Ceremony. III. The Descent of the Customary Right. By Arthur Betts. (Published by the Author at 50, Bedford Row, London, W.C. 1s. net each.)

FICTION.

Averno. By Bertram Mitford. With Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

The Mystery of Jeanne Marie. By Hilaré Barlow. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

The Distant Drum. By Dudley Sturrock. (John Lane. 6s.)

The Fordington Twins. By E. Newton Bungey. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

Venusberg, The Syren City, With Its Sequel—Ten Years After. By Chilosa. (Holden and Hardingham. 6s.)

The Cockatoo: A Novel of Public-School Life. By Max Rittenberg. Illustrated by J. H. Dowd. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 5s.)

PERIODICALS.

Neale's Monthly; The Dial; Revue Bleue; Scottish Historical Review; Land Union Journal; First Report of the Association Concordia of Japan; Canada To-day, 1913; Orpheus, a Quarterly Magazine of Imaginative Art; United Empire; The Woman's Industrial News; Bookseller; La Revue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Wednesday Review; Publishers' Circular; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Eugenics Education Society Report, 1912-1913; Review of Reviews for Australasia; The Bookfellow, Sydney; Dublin Review.

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